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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Inter-Allied Financial Conference which opened on Tuesday has an appalling mess to clear up. Moreover, at every turn it will be brought up sharp against stony national reservations and prejudices; while each resolution it takes will be resented as a bitter blow to the minimum expectations of some participant. The chief point on the agenda is to apportion the Dawes annuities among the Allies. The first difficulty is here presented by America's claim to participate, which strikes us as a flimsy one, seeing that the whole Dawes scheme was built up on the Treaty of Versailles which America refused to sign for fear of the obligations it would have imposed upon her. Britain openly disputes the American right which France, on transparently tactical grounds, upholds. The American move strikes us in any case as ill-judged. Why heap up fresh claims of a dubious nature when the difficulty of getting those of indisputable legality honoured is so tremendous? Needless to say, the policy of every participant in

the Conference (with the possible exception of ourselves) is to get a higher percentage of the total to be received than that assigned to the country in question in 1920. It is a grimy business.

ACRIMONY

The Conference has a second and hardly less thorny task. The accounts of the Reparation Commission have been in desperate confusion since the Ruhr occupation, and need now to be cleared up. The matter has long been shelved for fear of rousing that sleeping serpent, the Ruhr occupation legality issue. The disputed points are of baffling complexity, even for experts. Perhaps what the average man chiefly needs to understand is that there is not, alas! any accumulated booty waiting to be dealt out to ourselves or anyone else. The task at hand is the less cheerful one of discovering who has had what in the past, and how in consequence each country's present claims stand. Unfortunately, the labours of the Conference are being conducted in an atmosphere of increased acrimony all round. America is equally angry with France and Britain, France

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

seems to have grown tired of her temporary moderation towards Germany, and the French Press is again heaping abuse on this country; while if Italy is displaying no particular animosity against anybody, this is only because all available stores of ill-will have been commandeered for her internal struggle.

ITALY'S DIFFICULTIES

Italian events have moved with bewildering rapidity in the past week, and before these words appear, further changes of stirring magnitude may have become known. Prophecy in such circumstances being futile, we can but record and comment. How far the situation has changed since last October can be gauged by the resignation of the two Liberal Ministers in Mussolini's Cabinet, and of their greater ally, Signor Salandra, as delegate to the League Council. Three brief months ago these statesmen were hotly affirming their unconditional faith in Mussolini at the Liberal congress of Livorno, against the other wing of the same party which advocated collaboration with him only on definite conditions. Now even a moderate Fascist member of the Cabinet has found he could no longer identify himself with the Government's methods, unless perchance his resignation be linked up with some as yet inscrutable scandal.

MENACE—AND HOPE

In a fiery speech delivered on Saturday, Mussolini announced that he would clear up the situation in forty-eight hours. Time was when such a boast need not have been empty. After the Matteotti murder the nation was ready to forgive and forget a great deal if Mussolini could have put himself at the head of the universal demand for ruthless justice and a return to the equality of all before the law. He dared not trust the nation's faith in himself, electing to rely instead upon his three hundred thousand black-shirted braves. Now the only clearing up he is likely to effect will be along the opposite lines—through the gagging of discontent or the incarceration and worse of uncomfortable opponents. No sane person can believe that any success he scores by these methods can be more than a temporary lull before a worse storm. The one sign that speaks for an improvement of the position is the apparent intention of part of the "Aventine" (the Left Block which since June has boycotted Parliament) to descend from that eminence and participate once more in the Parliamentary life of the country, such as it is. That may give a healthy outlet for a certain amount of the pent-up fury which is otherwise bound to play havoc with the nation's destinies.

THE ALLIED NOTE

The Allied Note to Germany, giving the reasons for the non-evacuation of Cologne, was handed to the German Government on Monday last. It adduces six points in which Germany has failed to satisfy the Allies. These points are carefully analysed by the Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in last Wednesday's issue of that paper. He comes to the conclusion that the Note contains nothing new, and nothing that in

the least disproves the fact that for all practical purposes Germany is disarmed. He does not deny the validity of any of the complaints alleged, but thinks that the real significance of the various defaults is trivial. There is, however, one good thing to be said for the Note. By naming definite defaults as reasons for the non-evacuation of Cologne it knocks out the Poincarist theory that the Treaty period of occupation has not yet commenced to run. As a result of the tension over Cologne the Germans have broken off negotiations for a Trade Treaty with France, and a tariff war as from next Saturday looks likely, while the signature of the Anglo-German Treaty, hotly opposed by Herr Georg Bernhard and other rabid Anglophobes, may possibly be imperilled. Meanwhile the Governmental situation remains immersed in obscurity.

A NEEDED WARNING

The interesting article embodied in a Vienna correspondent's letter which appears in our correspondence columns this week raises a point to which recent occurrences in Yugoslavia, as well as the trip just completed by the Bulgarian Premier to various Balkan capitals, are obviously relevant. We yield to none in our detestation of the methods and aims of Russian Bolshevism. It is, however, of vital importance that we should not be misled by astute politicians in the newer States into tacitly or even expressly approving every action undertaken by them with the nominal aim of suppressing Bolshevism. By all means let us take the measure of Communist dangers wherever they exist, and do our best to sustain the advocates of law and order. But let us be exceedingly careful not to bolster up a series of rickety Governments just because they stamp anti-Communism as a conspicuous trade-mark on all their actions. The wider issues raised in the article are too vast to be dealt with in a short note, but we are of opinion that any course of conduct tending to split Europe into two hostile camps needs to be regarded with the utmost suspicion. A united Europe is the goal of every sane foreign policy.

ST. PAUL'S

We hope and believe that there will be a widespread response to the appeal which the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have found it necessary to issue. St. Paul's is a national monument and its preservation a national affair. For this very reason, however, we think that the burden of its restoration should be undertaken nationally, that is to say by Parliament. That the Pantheon of the Empire should have to depend on the haphazard response to a relatively parochial appeal for help seems to us monstrous. A State which has to find hundreds of millions a year from the pockets of taxpayers could find the extra half-million or less required to make the Cathedral permanently safe almost without noticing it. In their appeal the Dean and Chapter express the hope that the steps they desire to take will be "the final effort to safeguard St. Paul's for generations to come." But the report of the committee of experts makes it

clear that the lesser plan—costing somewhere about £140,000—of filling in the piers, which the Cathedral authorities have decided to adopt, will not be a “final” safeguard. Some future generation will have to remove the dome and rebuild the piers. Why should this not be done at once, at the nation’s expense?

THE MEAT TRUST

When the Royal Commission on Food Prices was appointed, doubts were expressed in some quarters as to its efficacy. We do not wish to embarrass its deliberations or to prejudge its conclusions, but we are bound to say that the following extract from the report of its proceedings on Wednesday of this week seems to be as fair a specimen of waste of time and public money as can well be imagined :

Asked by Mr. W. E. Dudley whether he was aware of the meat trust existing in this country, Sir P. Proctor said he did not know of any trust.

Mr. Dudley.—Well, that is peculiar. It is suggested to us that it exists, and I believe it is within the knowledge of everybody that it does.

Sir P. Proctor.—I do not know of it. If you can give me a name perhaps I can answer your question.

Mr. Dudley.—I cannot give you the name at the moment.

Mr. F. H. Coller.—If there were a meat trust, as Mr. Dudley suggests, licensing might be of use, might it not, in enabling the Government to obtain particulars of financial operations of the hypothetical trust, and thereby allaying popular suspicion, whether ill or well founded?

Sir P. Proctor.—I suppose it would; but it is pure hypothesis.

THE ARREST OF RADIC

On Monday the Yugoslav police arrested the Croatian peasant leader, Stephen Radic, in a secret passage in a house in Zagreb. The excuse for his arrest is the same which has served for the dissolution of his party organization, namely, his supposed relations to the Moscow Bolsheviks. Radic claims that he has relations only with the Moscow Peasants' International, whatever that may be, and none whatever with Communism as such. Certainly the Croatian peasants have no more leaning towards a system so plainly disadvantageous to themselves than have the peasants of any other country in the world. More than any of the high-handed actions of the Pasic Government, an unmistakable impatience among Radic's more educated followers has latterly weakened the Croatian Home Rule front. It is possible that the pan-Serbs will secure an ephemeral triumph for the cause of a centralized Yugoslavia at the coming elections. But it is perfectly certain that such a triumph cannot be enduring. Two and a half million Croats are not going to be kept in permanent subjection to their much less civilized Serb brethren, with even less liberties than those they enjoyed under Austrian rule.

MAKING WEMBLEY A SUCCESS

Of the larger success of the British Empire Exhibition last year there is no doubt; its financial results, on the other hand, left something to be desired. Presumably it is the keen desire of the promoters—as it is of the public generally—that

this year that shortcoming shall be made good. One of the chief difficulties with which the Committee has to contend immediately is the question of catering, last year's caterers having so far declined the task for the coming season. This is clearly a matter to be settled at once, and we understand that Lord Stevenson is giving it his most earnest attention. He is, however, at the present time in Cannes, and though the Mediterranean sun and mimosa-blossom no doubt inspire in him the right spirit of optimism, we cannot help thinking that he could wrestle with his problem more efficiently and with more dispatch in London. Trying to run Wembley from Cannes does not seem the surest way of turning last year's deficit into a credit balance. Lord Stevenson should return to his charge.

AUSTRALIAN IMMIGRATION

Sir John McWhae, who recently returned to Australia after filling the post of Agent-General to Victoria, has earned gratitude for his outspoken criticism of the Australian immigration policy. True, his observations had reference to the restrictions which, in his opinion, have handicapped migration from this country to Australia; but, apart altogether from this, there must be something amiss with a policy that is unable to find room for British migrants but is ready to receive, in one batch, over 1,000 immigrants from Southern Europe. Since the war hardly an Australian statesman has made a speech without urging the necessity of peopling Australia with a people British born. Moreover, an Oversea Settlement Act has been placed on the Statute Book which provides for jointly financing migration schemes with the Oversea Governments, and both Western Australia and South Australia have entered into agreements based on this understanding. Since the advent of Labour Administrations in these States these arrangements have either been curtailed or remain in abeyance, the reason given being want of funds on the other side to maintain the obligations of former Governments. Has not the time arrived when it would be advisable to open up negotiations with the Commonwealth and State Governments to see whether the present restrictions cannot be modified and preference given to British over foreign immigrants?

THE M.P. AND FREE POSTAGE

It is just four years since a Select Committee of the House of Commons recommended that facilities should be provided for the free postage of members' letters, but so far Parliament has not seen its way to approve the recommendation. No doubt economy is the reason why no action has been taken, but now that the Post Office revenue is on the upward grade, rumour has it that the proposition may be again revived. In that event we would venture to suggest that the question of limitation be not overlooked. Apparently a provision of this kind was not considered necessary by the French Chamber when framing the Bill, recently passed into law, authorizing free postage for deputies. Had that precaution been taken, the incident reported from Paris of a deputy trying to make a free distribution of visiting cards as New Year's greetings to his constituents would not have been possible.

THE EXAMINATION FRAUD

CONFERENCES and gatherings of teachers and others concerned in education—of all, in short, but those who are to be educated—are so common that few pay any attention to them. For this the educationists have only themselves to blame. If they thought a great deal more and conferred very much less, they would receive the greater attention they would then deserve. They would be taken seriously. As it is, the good things that are said at these meetings, and sometimes there are good things said, are overlooked; lost in the crowd of commonplaces. Quite lately, for instance, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of London has made a pronouncement upon examinations which everyone should read, especially every layman. Yet out of the enormous number whom examinations affect probably not five per cent. will ever know that Dr. Gardner ever said anything about examinations. There is, however, a good deal of general talk about examinations now, and grumbling at their failure is pretty widespread. This is a good sign. On the whole, indeed, we are beginning to look in the right direction—away from examinations. The general public has begun to distrust the examination test, and education authorities have for some years discovered a consciousness that an examination cannot accomplish what nineteenth-century pedagogues and pundits expected from it; but rather so far as it accomplishes anything, tends to produce what is not wanted. But we move very slowly. The public is so careless of education that inevitably it takes a long time for its view on examinations or anything else in the schools to take effect. Hence the written examination still reigns supreme as the goal of education, the great test of ability and character. Nobody believes that it is that; yet everybody acquiesces in its being treated as though it were. "A necessary evil" has been the best teachers' attitude to examination for very many years. This is a cowardly position to fall back on and dishonest. No evil is necessary, and if a thing is necessary it is idle to regard it as an evil. The truth is, the good teacher knows that examinations are an evil, but not knowing what to put in their place he tries to square moral condemnation with practical difficulty. He does not want to take the trouble to think out for himself a better way. So we drag on, everybody unsatisfied with examinations (barring some, but by no means all, of the professional examiners), and everybody remaining their victim.

Dr. Gardner's address, which is a complete but not frank condemnation of the examination system, is especially significant from his being vice-chancellor of a university which has been the great champion and the greatest practical exponent of examination for examination's sake. London University was for many years merely an examining body. The idea was that it was possible by an examination almost infallibly to put the person examined in his or her right place all round; therefore it did not matter where he was taught or by whom or how, so long as he was able to satisfy the London University examiners. But like so many of the compact and neat little theories the nineteenth century delighted in, it did not work. London University itself began to have doubts of

its own educational faith, and now is anxious—or its best members are—to get as far away from it as it can. Fortunately, the educated world refused to believe that the fiat of London University examiners on men and women or boys and girls they had never seen or thought of made as good a presumption in favour of the graduate as an Oxford or Cambridge degree, which guaranteed that its holder had gone through a certain generous training in life, and had been tested by men who were also teachers and who well understood from personal intercourse the type of men they were examining.

Apart from the stock and therefore hackneyed objections to examinations on the score of cramming, which are valid enough, there is this fundamental weakness in the system as a test of ability and character. If the candidate's teacher and examiner, as is usual, is not the same person, the examiner has no knowledge of the character and nature of the pupil he is supposed to be testing. The first object of a good teacher, being a condition precedent of all he hopes to do, is to understand his pupils. A mere examiner can never understand his examinees, for he cannot understand what he does not know. Hence arises the well-known phenomenon of papers that suit or do not suit the particular candidate. This is perfectly intelligent educational psychology. It does not mean that the questions were such as the candidate could or could not answer, but it means that they were so framed or on such lines that one kind of mind would lend itself to them much more easily than another: a good or decently good teacher would make full allowance for that—an examiner cannot. If unusually sagacious, or possessed of a happy instinct, he may see through the written paper the bent of the writer; but if he does he will probably not have the courage to make as much allowance as he ought to make for it. Also, the luckless candidate faced with a paper that "does not suit him" is pretty sure to take all the refuge he can in correct commonplaces—potted notes of lectures—he remembers intact, which will disguise his bent of mind beyond the examiner's power of perception.

Intellectually, the only case we have ever heard made for examinations as a test of a man or woman's calibre is that an examination demands and brings out the power of thinking fast under stress. That is, of course, a quality well worth having, but is a quality mainly of nerve, and must not be taken as a test of intellect or of other ability. The first-rate man in the subject may easily do much worse under the stress of rapidity than the second-rate man. Also it is very doubtful whether it is good for the immature mind to be urged to think under high pressure. The power and habit of thinking fast is, in our view, much more likely to be developed by general training of the mind, and indeed of the whole being, than by forcing it to act at a pressure beyond its natural capacity. Would most of us, if we wanted a man especially good at acting in an emergency, make our selection by examination? Moreover, the candidate himself reduces thought under stress to the smallest limit he can by trusting to memory rather than thinking. He knows it will pay him much better, as well as save him much trouble, to put down what he has read or heard than to attempt to put

it in his own way and words. Indeed, if he is foolish enough to go further and try to think out the problem and give a solution of his own, he will have small chance indeed. His solution will almost certainly be wrong, and if not wrong will be unorthodox, and on either ground equally condemnable by most examiners. The position of the examiner himself is unhappy. Is he to prefer a boy or girl who answers wrongly but has thought in answering to another who has given no thought to an easily remembered and reproduced answer? He certainly ought, but probably will not have the moral courage to do it.

Perhaps the crowning or damning charge against the examination system is that it puts passing an artificial and momentary test above every other consideration, thereby warping teaching and learning alike. An examination impending over a teaching course always dominates that course. No teacher is able to escape it; hardly a pupil dares to escape it. To pass the examination is the aim of the course, not to teach or to learn. Of course, few teachers would admit this—some of the best would—but the facts to any unbiased observer are conclusive. The pupil that at the end of the course "passes with credit" gets a clean bill and perhaps a bit of laurel from examiner, teacher, and parent. The pupil that does not pass retires in the shade of sad sympathy, if spared frowns and shaking heads. What boots the luckless "failure" that he or she is a better man than the "passed with credit"? knows more, and reads from interest, not merely to be able to say he passed? that he has used his brain, while the successful one has not used and cannot use his brain? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Where is an examination—there is nothing else. Love of knowledge does not count; laying foundations does not count, sowing seed is waste of time. The crop must be harvested in three hours at a fixed date or the harvest, no matter how great, is useless. How many teachers would dare to tell a man who had taken a First that he was a contemptible failure, as he easily might be? And would any who had got a First care one straw if they did? Why should he? He has got his indefeasible title to "credit," what matter whether he deserves it or not?

Obviously it is inevitable that under an examination system schools—preparatory, public, secondary—will be regulated and dominated by the examination, and universities only less so, when, as at Oxford and Cambridge, a certain number of men (and far fewer girls) have the courage to live their own lives and read on their own account. These men sink in the class list, but are likely, after many years, to rise in the world. Even if they never emerge, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they chose the better part.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS EXHIBITION

LEICESTER GALLERIES (Leicester Square, W.C.2). Etchings and other work by Walter Sickert. On Saturday, January 10, and subsequently.

THEATRES

GARRICK THEATRE. "Me and My Diary." On Monday, January 12, and subsequently.

REGENT THEATRE. "Saint Joan." On Wednesday, January 14, and subsequently.

R.A.D.A. THEATRE. R.A.D.A. Players in "Slipping on the Peel." On Sunday, January 18.

MIDDLE ARTICLES

THE REMAINDER OF 'DE PROFUNDIS'

OSCAR WILDE'S finest contribution to the drama was composed in the French language, a medium which the 'nineties affected to think a more suitable vehicle for certain of his moods than his own mother tongue. Circumstances have now decreed that the complete text of his most famous narrative should be given to the world in German form* while still (as will probably be the case for many years to come) un procurable in English. Dr. Max Meyerfeld, to whom the late Robert Ross dedicated the 1908 edition of 'De Profundis,' remarking in the prefatory letter that but for him the work would in all likelihood never have been published, has, with the consent of Wilde's heirs, translated the complete text of Wilde's letter to a friend, and given it to the German public under the title 'Epistola : in Carceri et Vinculis.' One does not think of German as an apt medium for Wilde's ornate sprightliness. So far, however, as a foreigner can judge, the version of Dr. Meyerfeld is a brilliant piece of work, a little too smooth and slow in rhythm, if one compares it with the changefully musical original, so that Wilde's English strikes almost harshly when you turn back to it after some pages of the German rendering; but what translation can be effected without some sacrifice to the genius of the language?

And yet, despite all the merits of the translator, and all those arts of superb printing and book-binding in which Germany so hopelessly outdistances us, this is a most disappointing book. We have here a text roughly three times as long as the 'De Profundis' known to us, and in all those additional two-thirds scarcely a thought that will cleave to the memory. The curious can indeed find copious enlightenment upon details of Wilde's life at the height of his fame and his powers, though virtually none of a scandalous nature. But when we read this lengthy letter through, we might easily forget that the suppression of two-thirds of it in the English edition was dictated by considerations of a social, and not of a literary nature. Not the least important of the services rendered by the chivalrous and faithful Robert Ross to his dead friend was the transformation of what must frankly be termed a tedious document, albeit enlivened by exquisite and immortal passages, into a narrative "brief, but all roses."

The present publication, if disappointing from the purely literary standpoint, is yet of great importance for the understanding of Wilde's personality, and of the effect upon it of his prison circumstances. The Ross edition of 'De Profundis' has the merits of an excellent anthology, with which, however, the more serious student will never be content. For him it will be well worth while to tackle the tedium of the entire document—which will not, as a matter of fact, be tedious to him, as it would be to the general reader. In the complete text he will find besides the long passages excised from the English version not a few

* *Epistola : in Carceri et Vinculis.* By Oscar Wilde. The complete version of 'De Profundis.' Translated by Max Meyerfeld into German. Berlin : S. Fischer Verlag.

elucidations of the text as we know it. He will learn, for instance, who was the anonymous friend who raised his hat in the prison corridor to the handcuffed Wilde, that "little, lovely, silent act of love that unsealed all the wells of pity, made the desert blossom like a rose, and brought me out of the bitterness of lonely exile into harmony with the wounded, broken, and great heart of the world"—the same whose letters, charming in their wit, their clever, concentrated criticism had "the tact of love as well as the tact of literature." The late Robert Ross was he whose devotion, enshrined in such unforgettable words of gratitude, will go down to posterity as something almost legendary.

That regard for living persons which makes publication of the full text in this country undesirable, precludes an analysis of its contents in these columns. Suffice it to say that Wilde develops an elaborate and closely knit thesis, aiming at the transference on to another's shoulders of the main responsibility for his downfall. Posterity will discuss how far the apology and the indictment are consonant with the main facts. Or perhaps, when the veil of semi-secrecy is withdrawn, posterity will decide that this is an old, unhappy, far-off thing, with no particular claim upon its attention. More interesting than the tale itself is the sketchy but convincing background that peeps through. Oh! that life centring round White's Club and the Savoy, the Berkeley and the Café Royal; that life which opened its day with lunch from half-past one to half-past three, and closed it with a midnight supper at Willis's, having contrived to wedge two solid meals in between; that life crammed to bursting with ortolans, turtle soup, and vintage champagnes! How in retrospect Wilde loved it and hated it! Prison diet invested the memories of heavy meals with a tender aureole; while a soul enriched by months of enforced meditation could not but shudder at the emptiness of its previous existence. In this depiction of "High Life" in a social epoch that is almost unbelievably dead there is plenteous material for the historian of manners; in Wilde's attitude towards it after two years of hard labour there is no less material for the psychologist. As these two erudite persons may be presumed to know German, they will be able to get to work at once on Dr. Meyerfeld's version.

It seems hardly possible that any reader, on concluding the volume, will ask himself: "Is this sincere?" Such a question could reasonably be asked by one who had read the abbreviated version only. The complete text reveals the whole Wilde, with his easy generosity and his babyish vanity, a lord of wit and a pauper of humour, a man whom success could weaken, but not wholly corrupt, whom disaster could strengthen, but not quite redeem. The self-portrait is entirely convincing.

NATURAL SELECTION?

By J. B. S. HALDANE

II

WHETHER natural selection of the intensity observed can account for the changes which have been noted in species—for example, the replacement of light by dark "peppered" moths in the "black" countries of England and Germany within

sixty years—is a matter for the mathematician. On the whole, the answer seems to be in the affirmative. A far more serious difficulty is the failure of nearly related species to produce any offspring, or at any rate fertile offspring. Greyhounds and bulldogs, which look much less similar than horses and donkeys, yield fertile young, but no one has yet, as the result of artificial selection, produced an animal which is fertile with its like, but not with the ancestral form. On the other hand, at least in one case, such a plant has been observed to arise under careful observation, apparently as the result of an accident in the process of cell division. The gap is, therefore, already partly bridged, and we may hope for further evidence on this question in the near future.

We have next to ask whether any other possible cause of evolution besides natural selection is known. Darwin believed in the transmission of acquired characters. But since his time scepticism on this subject has, on the whole, increased. At any given moment there are always a few alleged cases unrefuted. It will take fifteen years to confirm or disprove Kammerer's work on salamanders, but experiments on more rapidly breeding animals generally give negative results. For example, Payne bred flies in as complete darkness as he could for seventy-five generations to see if they would lose or (as was conceivable) accentuate the normal instinct of their species to fly towards a light. He found no effect whatever as the result of disuse, though, of course, a more patient man might have done so in seven hundred and fifty generations! And the most complicated instincts of all, those of worker bees and other social insects, cannot possibly be explained as inherited memories, since all the ancestors of a worker bee were queens or drones, which do not, for example, make combs. There is thus no convincing evidence of the transmission of acquired characters, or the loss of characters by disuse, while there are several cases where complex instincts must have arisen otherwise than by inherited memory, where indeed the inheritance of memory would be fatal to the race by giving the workers the instincts of a queen or drone.

Many people are so impressed by the magnificence of the drama of evolution which has culminated in themselves, that they cannot believe in its direction by so blind an agency as natural selection. Moreover, there is a general, but quite unjustifiable belief that evolution has, on the whole, been progressive. As a matter of fact, for every single case of advance there have been ten of degeneration as judged by any human standard. Birds, for example, all appear to have evolved from one common ancestral form, but the penguin, kiwi, ostrich, dodo, and many others have independently lost the use of their wings. Degeneration is the rule, but natural selection enables the rather rare organisms, which have made some real progress, to multiply and replenish the earth.

Others, including Mr. Bernard Shaw, think natural selection such an unpleasant hypothesis that they refuse to regard it as true. They forget perhaps that a belief in natural selection does not include the opinion that men or animals are machines. It merely postulates that they cannot see very far beyond their noses. The rather unusually intelligent ape who was your and my very great-grandfather founded a larger family

than his companions, not because he foresaw Charlie Chaplin, you, and myself, but for less recondite reasons. The objection to the hypothesis of a divine plan is simply that by this phrase most people mean such a plan as they might concoct in their more emotional moments. From our knowledge of how the world in general works, natural selection strikes us as exactly the type of means which its creator might be expected to employ.

To sum up, then, the geological record and the facts of comparative anatomy and embryology render it fairly certain that evolution has occurred, but tell us nothing as to its causes. Natural selection is occurring under our eyes. It will certainly account for some of the facts of evolution, though perhaps not for all. But if we reject it as a complete explanation we have nothing to put in its place. Variation, when we observe it carefully, appears to be aimless. The transmission of acquired characters is unproven, and must certainly be incredibly slow in most cases, if it does occur. We may justifiably adopt the working hypothesis that evolution has been due solely to fortuitous variation and the action of selection on its results. But we must remember that this is still only a working hypothesis.

T. W. H. CROSLAND

By G. H. MAIR

A FINAL flash of irony which he would have enjoyed if he could have known it marked the terrestrial end of the turbulent and wayward career of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland. As the little group of mourners came out of the chapel in the cemetery, high up—I should think ten thousand feet—and appearing to be right above where we were standing, was an aeroplane writing in the sky the words *Daily Mail*. It was the only newspaper to which he had consistently refused to contribute.

Crosland was, I think, one of the most remarkable men anybody is likely to meet. He was intensely self-conscious—in the habit, for instance, of composing epitaphs to himself which were written with a marvellous sparseness and at the same time informed with a challenging sense of the importance of his achievement. He was equally, to an absurd degree, combative, loved litigation, especially of a sensational kind, had a catholic delight in vituperation applied generally, and, apart from certain carefully-held convictions which admitted of no compromise, quite ready to lend his sword, though it was a broadsword rather than a rapier, to any passing antagonism which took his fancy. He was also a man who, understanding and loving the luxuries, or at least the amenities, of life, was content to enjoy them equally with a quite unnecessary squalor. Carelessness about money is a common failing, especially among writing people, but his went beyond the normal mean of stupidity. He would give a ten shilling note to a boy for a newspaper and tell him to keep the change. He delighted in keeping cabs so long that the fares amounted to the cost of going from London to Brighton. He had an utter disregard for his personal appearance so far as clothes were concerned, and an incongruous carefulness about it in other respects. Seated on a stool in a tavern

where he loved to be, he would alternate between cracking jokes with the workmen who happened to be there at the time, or talking like a mixture of Ben Jonson and Dr. Johnson combined. Also he was a great poet, a fine critic, and for all his idiosyncrasies and the occasional questionable enterprises into which he would let himself be betrayed, a very fine journalist.

I have heard people say that 'The Unspeakable Scot' is his best book. Though I do not agree, there is no use denying that as a piece of invective it is extremely adroit and successful, and that it must have had when it first came out a very salutary influence in holding up to a merited ridicule the sentimental nonsense of what used to be called the "Kailyard school" of fiction. I was looking through it again the other day—and, by the way, Crosland's journalistic acumen was never better shown than in the way in which this book is simply a string of quotations with scraps of acid comment to join them together—and I could not help thinking how Sir James Barrie would have to blush if he read the extracts of his earlier works which are printed there. For 'Dear Brutus' and 'Mary Rose' we can forgive everything and—what is even more important—forget; but the bits from his earlier Thrumbs books as reproduced by Mr. Crosland would make angels weep.

'The Unspeakable Scot' was popular, widely sold, and made Crosland's name. It would have retained a greater effectiveness, at any rate up to the opening of the war, had he not been foolish enough to follow it with a number of other books equally inspired by a strong sense of invective but not by any means bearing the same imprint of sincerity. Welshmen and Jews and even, it was whispered, through a pseudonym, the English themselves came under the impartial blows of an arm which was getting a little weary. The climax of his insincerity in this matter, however, was reached in a book called 'Lovely Woman,' which was a series of silly jokes singularly foolish to those who knew him, since one of the most pleasant of his qualities was his courtesy towards women. It provoked a reviewer to a pungent remark on which he characteristically brought (and lost) a libel action.

Poetry, however, was the main passion of his life, and underneath all the surface of squalor, quarrelsomeness, and unscrupulous invective there was in him a pure vein of lyricism and a real gift for appreciating it in others. Of his prose books the one that he wrote on the English sonnet is by far the best, showing not merely the closest reading and the most delicate perception, but evoking from the spirit of English poetry as a whole a theory of rhythm and prosody which will, I think, ultimately receive general assent. I do not quote them all, but here are some of the assertions which he has made about the sonnet :

1. That it belongs essentially to the highest poetry.
2. That it is the corner-stone of English poetry.
3. That without it we should not have attained to the blank verse line, or the blank verse passion.
4. That it is a form of absolute freedom for the very largest kind of utterance.
5. That it is neither a convention nor an arbitrary or pedantic contrivance.
6. That when great poetry is being produced, great sonnets are being produced; and when great sonnets cease to be produced, great poetry ceases to be produced.

His own poetry proceeded from that mixture of

emotion, conviction, and technical skill which produces the highest.

It will be read in future years side by side with work recognized now in our own time and very possibly when a good deal of what we prize now is dispraised or forgotten.

THE THEATRE CITY AND SUBURBAN

BY IVOR BROWN

Dick Whittington and His Cat. The New Oxford Theatre.
Six-Cylinder Love. By W. Antony McGuire. The Garrick Theatre.

If Communists ever go to pantomimes they must surely shun 'Dick Whittington.' Smiles, self-help, and the hero as city-man can hardly appeal to them, and the enterprising gentleman at Moscow, who is said to have banned a translation of 'The Admirable Crichton' on the score of its being counter-revolutionary, would certainly have Master Richard on the proletarian index. Dick's cat might look at a king, but hardly at a commissar. But sane English love of a compromise prevents the Whittington saga from being oppressively ethical. Dick may be the prototype of those dreadful young men in the American films who "make good" in the fifth reel, but he has his cheerful opposite number in Idle Jack, who never made anything but bad, be it in Cheapside, Highgate, Wapping, or Morocco. And it is the strong point of this pantomime that, while its destination is the Mansion House, it goes there by way of the street-corners and harbour-sides. It owes a little to Morocco, but nothing to the Arabian nights; with its cat, commerce, and common-sense it is as English as its name. The only miraculous lamps it has to offer are the familiar lights of London, its music being neither tom-tom nor ukalele, but merely church-bells.

How appropriate then that, in the New Oxford Theatre version, Mr. Wilkie Bard should be there to do and suffer as Idle Jack. For Mr. Bard is none of your slick, slap-dash, cut-and-come-again comedians, primed with American notions about the saving grace of speed. He gives us the old art of the English music-hall with the deliberation and philosophic gravity of a porter at a country station. His richest mood is melancholia, and his shoulders are bowed beneath all the burdens of humanity. This Idle Jack, however, is not just a broken wage-slave at odds with an aldermanic employer, but something of a distressed gentleman, who may take to a suit of checks and a yellow waistcoat as the proper outfit of those Morocco-bound, but carries none the less an air of vanished refinements. Mr. Wilkie Bard keeps his voice pitched, as of old, on a note that is not of Wapping. Forget that he is wearing a suit of slops and you will note a trace of the old Oxford manner in the New Oxford pantomime. Is it possible that Idle Jack was intended for the Church, disgraced himself at Keble, and sank by way of gin-palaces to the lower strata of haberdashery departments? Did he, as he hung about for "a shop" in the reaches of St. Paul's Churchyard, observe a cousin going clerically attired to religious duties? Mr. Bard sets one speculating about the origins of poor Jack, which is merely to say that he is a great

artist, who fills out the shreds and patches of a part with the body of humanity.

Bardolaters will welcome the return of the wan face and huddled figure that serves out each turn of humour as though it were marked "private and confidential." It was ever his wont to be tripping through a twisted sentence, and to evoke hilarious reciprocation of his lugubrious melodies. One need only say that he is at it again, and that as he crouches over the centre of the orchestra he abolishes that gulf and establishes the intimacy of the platform-stage. He seems, in fact, to whisper in each man's ear the trouble that is gnawing at Jack's heart, and his trustful vein is indeed the very flower of the confidence trick. I do not care much for the mimicry of seasick travellers, but when Idle Jack is overcome we see acting, not buffoonery, and the thing is as devastating a piece of sober realism as any "legitimate" actor might be proud to achieve.

Principal boys strike me as more lady-like than they used to be, and certainly they conform to the modern fashion of the slender shape. Miss Mabel Greene is demure and debonair. The old brigade of Dicks, Aladdins, and Robinsons had a more slashing attack, and were more free of wink and flourish and the small change of breezy knowingness. The uniform remains, and Dick comes buskined in thigh-boots that combine the leathern expance of the cavalier with the tenuous heel of the city-madam. There is still the jaunty feather in the cap, but less of the Wardour Street regalia and of diamonds the size of potatoes. In the neater, trimmer, less florid style of to-day Miss Greene takes Dick very handsomely to the Mansion House after singing the right kind of ditties in the right kind of way. Mr. Fred Whittaker has another of his Christmas reincarnations as the cat and is as good as ever, and Mr. Douglas Byng as an up-to-date cook contributes to an excellent boiling of the old tradition.

'Six-Cylinder Love' has been selected for an experiment; there is now "a six-o'clock house" at the Garrick, which caters for those who dine late or not at all as well as for its usual public. The experiment is being given a very fair trial, because the piece is very fair comedy. Most plays of the lighter order being about nothing but the stupid entanglements of well-dressed chuckle-heads, it is a relief to find a comedy which has its roots in social fact. The young suburbans whose ambition runs to grandiose solutions of the transport problem are the theme. Here is mocked the social precedence which is marked by engine-power and the car that attracts rapacious friends who pay for their joy-rides in the easy coin of flattery, while their host settles for a hearty lunch, is going to end its mileage in Carey Street or even worse places. We see one majestic car proceed like a Juggernaut over two little nests in Golder's Green (old-world, detached, garage, and garden), and turn modest wives into flaunting devil-may-cares.

The home-breaking process is, it must be admitted, carried on with a speed and thoroughness proportionate to the splendour of the car, and the end of it all is a reach-me-down ending of sentimental triviality. But the comedy is rather better than bright; it grounds on reality, for the motor-snob is abundantly in our midst, and the feckless creature who will haste to the moneylender in order to add cylinder to cylinder is a fresh stage-char-

acter with one foot, if not two, in the street of our acquaintance. The motor-parasites, too, whose life is a prolonged embarkation on other people's cars are types worth recording and, although they are here done with the emphasis of caricature, they are well worth doing. Miss Edna Best, as the wife who becomes car-conscious, has a part that she fills in cleverly as well as prettily, and Mr. Bobbie Howes makes an admirable little juggins of the husband who is lured into large cylindrical aspirations and finds that the acquisition of a five-seater means seating five at table in the kind of hotel where every cylinder adds ten per cent. to the bill. This is a play of the times, which is smart and stinging in a healthy way until it goes sticky and collapses in sweetness and blight.

ART

SOBER-SUITED FREEDOM

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not mastered by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm. . . .

AT TENNYSONIAN horror of the "falsehood of extremes" has guarded the New English Art Club as much from the unintelligent exploitation of imported "isms" as from the sentimental platitudes of Burlington House. While, in its severe but tolerant walking of the middle way, it may have gathered round itself a trifle of Tennysonian dullness, that is a mantle which more frequently covers solid worth than the meretricious spangles of ultra-fashion. Pope has written somewhere that "extremes in man concur to general use," and it would seem as if the gentlemen who wore billiard cloth trousers combined with the equally sincere gentlemen who wore silk hats to produce the New English and its sober-suited freedom.

The present retrospective exhibition at the Spring Gardens Gallery, while it is remarkable in its range, yet offers no examples either of the unmitigated Christmas card or the unmitigated jazz. Its approach to the first, and less desirable, extreme is marked by such work as 'The Little Totterer' by Mr. J. Charles, and the three pictures by Miss Grace Wheatley. The first is even out of bounds, and the lady who described it in my hearing as "too sweet" spoke better than she knew. Professor Tonks sails near the boundary but is saved from crossing it by his technique. Surely it is a dangerous thing to call a picture 'The Pearl Necklace'? We laugh at Watts for wishing his 'She Shall be Called Woman' to be "criticized in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, while the two first books of 'Paradise Lost' were read, or Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' was being played." Yet Professor Tonks is hardly a greater pygmy beside Vermeer than Watts beside Milton, Beethoven, or the Elgin Marbles. And even his technique does not always save him. I do not know what he means by 'Memories of My Dead Life,' but I am certain that there never were such messy and unchubby cherubs outside a child's copy from Boucher. A strange companion of this rear-guard is Mr. Lucien Pissarro; but exactly wherein does 'Ivy Cottage—Sun and Snow' avoid it?

There is an avoidance, but only by a hair's breadth. His 'Notre Dame de Constance' is a fairer picture by which to judge him, perhaps; but he is, I am afraid, a poor echo.

And for the vanguard? Here there is vigour, originality, and joyousness, because it is the danger post. In the brothers Nash, in Mr. W. Roberts, in Mr. Duncan Grant, the New English, respectable in the knowledge of its impressive Main Body, sends out its Taillefers to chant their song of Roland and *épater les bourgeois*. Roberts is poorly represented. The absence of some brilliant and analytic oil from the Chenil Show of 1923 is strongly felt in so large an exhibition, where the casual tend to overlook drawings. Mr. Paul Nash is in better case. His 'Coast Scene,' in spite of being skied, asserts itself in display of that serious, intellectual beauty of which Paul Nash has so frequently shown himself capable, and demonstrates that however much of theory there may be in him, there remains sufficient of passion to fuse mind with emotion and produce art. Another oil and an early but altogether delightful water-colour support this evidence. Mr. John Nash shows several works, including 'Vale of Aylesbury,' one of the most attractive pictures by him which I have ever seen. Like his brother's 'Elms,' Mr. Duncan Grant's 'The Dance,' Mr. Gilbert Spencer's 'Allotments,' Mr. Gertler's 'Jewish Family,' Mr. Cundall's 'Honfleur,' and others, it comes from Mr. Marsh's collection and is his praise to it. The 'Honfleur' loses much of its delicacy and fragile charm in the present surroundings, but the remainder, all of the vanguard, triumphantly vindicate the continuity of British art. We could, perhaps, have wished for a more developed Gertler, say his 'Tamar.'

The greatest living English artist is Mr. Wilson Steer. If anybody did not know that before his exhibition at the Goupil Gallery last year, and lost the opportunity of discovering it there, he will find almost sufficient evidence in the sixteen pictures at Spring Gardens to grant him a tardy revelation. A foundation member of the New English, Mr. Steer alone would have justified its existence, and yet he is not the only strong and recognized support. What, at this time of day, in a short notice can one say of Mr. Steer? Or of Whistler, who, once so much in the vanguard, now takes his place among the established all-but-best? His 'Harmony in Red-Lamplight,' 'Study of the Nude' and 'Nocturne' reiterate the old gentle pleasant vision, and we are glad of them.

Mr. Sickert does not shine in this exhibition. His 'The Misses Lloyd' is positively weak and in shocking condition. We must be content with 'Tipperary' to represent this great painter as the interpretation of the lower middle classes. I remember reading a foolish criticism that described his pictures as "slices of life." Heaven forbid that we should be helped direct from so stodgy a pudding as Mr. Sickert's ostensible subject. The truth is that Mr. Sickert's real subject is Mr. Sickert; that he is a tremendous romantic, who, quitting the Middle Ages, cataracts and the Orient, has stepped into a back parlour, and, flooding it with the light of his own sense of beauty, has deceived himself and many other people into the belief that it is the back parlour which is beautiful. Artistic perception alone makes beauty, and it can

make it out of anything. There is nothing more hideous, if you look at it one way, than the sort of street and life and people which Miss Dorothy Coke, looking at it in another way, has turned into such a pleasant picture in 'Shopping.' Mr. De la Mare can't bear a butcher and can't abide his meat; Rembrandt painted 'Le Bœuf.' Mr. Sickert should have been represented by something more aggressively his from this aspect to set against Mr. Southall's 'Old Lamps for New' and Mr. Cayley Robinson's 'Le Reveil.' On the other hand, Mr. Augustus John's 'Merekli,' 'Ardor,' 'Woman and Boy on Shore,' and 'Wandering Sinne' excellently express his point of view.

In the next degree Professor Rothenstein is at his best with 'St. Martin's Summer,' Mr. Meninsky with his 'Boy in Green Jersey.' Sargent shows his clay feet

There still remain Messrs. Brabazon, Clausen, Ginner, Sir Charles Holmes Innes, Sir William Orpen, and Messrs. Rutherford, Schwabe, and Ethelbert White, about whom I should have wished to say something, even if only a little, but I know how utterly unreadable a catalogic notice may be. Better injustice than such a dreary comprehensiveness.

And there is Max.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the enclosed article which has just appeared in the *Oesterreichische Volkswirt*, a publication which probably ranks as the most intelligent weekly paper in Central Europe. The point raised in it is one that is causing no little concern to many Englishmen with an interest in the revival of Central Europe as a market for British goods and a field for British investment. The article, however, speaks for itself, and I think it may be taken as a sincere expression of an apprehension that is widely current here:

All the signs show that the new English world policy is pursuing dangerous paths. Dangerous in the first place not for England herself, but for the peoples and States of Central Europe, the Danube lands, the Baltic, and the Balkans. For these signs—one may hope that they may still prove deceptive—show nothing more nor less than the creation of a new anti-Russian block. England and France are the leaders of this movement. The alternative is clear: should England reject the Geneva Protocol (which in the narrower sense is already a fact) France must bid for security in another form. All negotiations during the last five years for an English-French Security Pact have run aground on the same facts—the precarious position of France's Eastern Allies. England obstinately refuses to guarantee in a military sense the Bessarabian boundary of Rumania, or the Galician, Ukrainian, White Russian and Lithuanian boundaries of Poland. Now a change seems imminent with regard to these questions. Since Chamberlain's visit to Paris France has made feverish efforts to enclose her Eastern

satellites on the Russian border in a military alliance. Evidently France thus fulfils the diplomatic and military conditions on which England makes dependent her promise of a French-English Continental Security Pact. That this policy hides itself under a cloak of anti-Bolshevism must not deceive us. There is no other possible imperial policy for a Conservative British Government. The British Government has decided on the policy of the firm hand in Egypt, in the Sudan, in Iraq, in India. This policy demands at all times as its necessary accompaniment the suppression of Russia. Turkey served at one time as a means to this end, later it was Japan, and to a certain extent the Habsburg-Hohenzollern States. As these last named are no more at hand, something new must be created in their place. The events of the last weeks speak with a clear voice—refusal of English credit to Russia, the breaking-off of the French-Russian negotiations, the attempt to bring Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia into an anti-Bolshevik *entente*, and, more important than all these, the obviously artificial and exaggeratedly depicted Bolshevik panic, that London and Paris have let loose on a world for a long time immune against Bolshevism. That the Russian Bolsheviks spare neither money nor pains when they are needed to stir up unrest, we know well. But we also know, and this is the main point, that the movements supported by them in Middle and Eastern Europe are not directed towards Communist aims. These movements are not generally hostile to the prevailing economic system. Everywhere it is either the National minorities or the peasant populations who are attracted by them. The home policy of these groups is not Communistic, not even Socialistic, generally not Proletarian, but Liberal, specifically bourgeois in the sense of 1848. It is inadmissible to represent the suppression of minorities and of small peasants combating the feudal land system as a fight against Bolshevism. The militarization of Eastern Europe with the help of the catchword of Bolshevik danger can only end in making this danger a real one. A military alliance of the internally chauvinistic smaller States from the Baltic to the Mediterranean will, under the given circumstances, perpetuate all the national wrongs, all the feudal mismanagements, and all Balkan corruption of these parts. Apart from all other considerations that would mean imparting an artificial vitality to Bolshevism in these countries where it is now virtually extinct.

I am, etc.,

Vienna.

OBSERVER

MR. SITWELL'S POEMS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I express my regret for any delay there has been in answering Mr. Coppard's courteous and amusing reply to my letter? But, since I am abroad, it is difficult for me to keep up with him. At last, however, I have seen his reply; and though regretting the weighty intrusion into this controversy of Dr. Johnson's corpse, may I congratulate Mr. Coppard on his apt reference to Mr. Baldwin? Now, Sir, Mr. Coppard is the Baldwin of poetry-reviewing, and no one has ever accused either of them of insincerity. On the contrary, well-wishers have merely deplored their sincerity for their own sakes, and wished that instead of such vehement insistence on sincerity, they would refrain from making blunders.

Mr. Coppard, like the Bellman in the 'Hunting of the Snark,' warns us that he has said it twice, and perhaps if he says it a third time it may become true. But, since that moment has not yet arrived, it may not be amiss to point out that the foolish reiteration of an originally inept and mistaken statement does not at present constitute either truth or reasoning. The reviewing of poetry is as much a part of it as is the



Dramatis Personæ. No. 133.

By 'Quiz.'

SIR EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

writing; since the reception of his work must, unless he is insensitive (in which case he should not write), affect an author.

Lastly, while grateful to Mr. Coppard for his suggestion, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell wishes me to point out that he has made it his rule never to review modern poetry, and cannot, however regretfully, see his way to begin with Mr. Coppard.

I am, etc.,
OSBERT SITWELL

2 Carlyle Square, Chelsea

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY MEMORIAL SITE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The Royal Artillery War Memorial designed by Mr. Charles Jagger is now being erected at Hyde Park Corner, London. With amazement I have just learnt that this is being done without any regard to the future amenities of the site.

Hyde Park Corner is one of the finest municipal sites in Europe, unsurpassed by anything that Rome, Stockholm, or Budapest can show, but no one who appreciates what can be done under sound town-planning schemes will truthfully say this site is laid out to the best possible advantage—its irregular "pavement-islands" and higgledy-piggledy tree-lines militate against this. Yet here we are allowing the permanent fixation of this bad "lay-out" of the famous Corner by the erection with tremendous foundations of this huge War Memorial. Moreover, it is to be followed by that of the Machine Gun Corps on another of the "pavement-islands."

Is there no one to take a lead, before it is too late, in urging the authorities to devise and carry out a properly thought-out scheme for dealing with these memorials in their proper relation to the re-modelled site as a whole?

I am, etc.,
"TOURNEBROCHE"

A BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF LITERATURE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As a member of the British Association for the advancement of science, may I be allowed to make a suggestion? It is this: that people with a love for literature all over the country and Empire be invited to form an association for the advancement of literature, on much the same lines. For one person interested in science there are probably twenty or more interested in literature, especially among women. Literature appeals to our common humanity. Perhaps some of your many readers may feel inclined to put forward some practical suggestions and help me to start such an association. Meetings might be held in large centres, and visits could be paid to places connected with poets and great writers. The social side of such gatherings would play an important part. Since the war, one is glad to note, a desire for knowledge has been manifested by many welcome signs. Let us do all we can to encourage it.

I am, etc.,
(REV.) H. NEVILLE HUTCHINSON

17 St. John's Wood Park, Finchley Road, N.W.

The *London Mercury* for January contains some excellent verse by Orlo Williams, Viscountess Grey, and Mr. Woods; an amusing parody of the extravagances of English Folk-lorists by Gilbert Norwood; a rather surcharged memory of Kelmscott and Kelmscott House by Miss Violet Hunt; some new Hazlitt matter and the usual excellent chronicles, among which we single out Dr. Maret on 'Anthropology' and Mr. Vernon Rendall on 'The Classics' because we get too little of these writers. An excellent number.

REVIEWS

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS

The Meaning of Dreams. By Robert Graves. Palmer. 6s. net.

M. GRAVES, as becomes a poet, has written about dreams with much more practical commonsense than most of the professors; but his book is inconclusive, and, for all its freshness and interest, leaves one wondering what precise purpose he had in writing it. His destructive criticism is extremely good: he rejects with pleasant scorn what he calls the "Pickled Walnut School," which, "explaining" dreams by purely physical influences, forgets that such an explanation can never touch the mental and emotional contents of the particular dream; nor is he much less severe on those easy and sweeping rules which refer everything to a sleeping savage or a suppressed child in the make-up of the civilized adult. He might without injustice be called a disciple of Rivers; but he does not follow Rivers, or anybody else, blindly; he thinks, and for the most part thinks courageously and logically, for himself. No serious student of the psychological problems involved can ignore his work.

Whence, then, the baffling effect of inconclusiveness? We think it comes from a divided mind. If Mr. Graves had been concerned merely to demonstrate the fallacy in certain too widely and ignorantly accepted theories, he would have succeeded in his aim. But, not content to be negative, he fails to be positive. In the concluding portion of his argument he attempts to apply to poetry the interpretative methods he has elaborated earlier: it is a belated and inadequate act of homage to the Muse, and leaves him involved in a double error. For his method of interpretation is not in itself altogether free from the sort of reproach which he levels at the methods of others; and, even if it were, it would not have the place or use which he assigns to it in the understanding of poetry.

He claims to be "more truthful" than "the average writer on the subject of dreams," because he "admits frankly" that in certain cases, "for the sake of argument," he has run together two and even three records of dreams, "where the conflict was in outline similar." And he adds:

In taking this course, I have availed myself of the licence readily allowed to poets and novelists, that of telling the truth by a condensation and dramatization of their experiences of life.

But this is really a very odd excuse. The licence is readily allowed to poets and novelists, because they do not profess to record the bare facts of science, and it is therefore exactly what the scientific worker must not claim. Take, again, a fair example of Mr. Graves's interpretation:

If anyone dreams that he is walking about without clothes on . . . it usually means that the dreamer has done something he is ashamed of, and is afraid of what the neighbours will say. To float easily about with the feet only just touching ground will symbolize freedom when that is lacking in waking life.

This is the old vice of the psycho-analyst, the vice of desiring to have it both ways. If you dream that you are ashamed, it means that you are really ashamed; but if you dream that you are free, it means that you are really not free.

But even more surprising—in a poet—is the error of the application to poetry. Mr. Graves analyses in detail three poems—"La Belle Dame Sans Merci," 'Kubla Khan,' and a poem of his own: he finds in each a set of symbols which he interprets: he demonstrates, for instance, that Keats's ill-health and unhappy love affair are discernible in the phrases of 'La Belle Dame.' But surely all that is, aesthetically, irrelevant. A poet's ill-health and unhappy love affairs are only (to borrow Mr. Graves's own analogy, employed elsewhere) pickled walnuts. They may provide the physical occasion: they cannot affect the

spiritual worth, which resides in the poem and in the poem alone. Plenty of people have been ill and disappointed in love without writing 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci.' And, indeed, Mr. Graves concedes this : "the logical interpretation of a not-logical poem," he says, "does not in any way affect its value as a poem or even explain it altogether." Explain it altogether ! It does not begin to explain it at all. And, if it cannot explain the poem or (admittedly) affect its value, we are left wondering what it can do. Mr. Graves contends that it "often gives us a greater sympathy with the poem than we had before"; but we confess we do not know what this means.

THE MAN WHO FED THE SOLDIER

General Sir John Cowans. By Major Desmond Chapman-Huston and Major Owen Rutter. Hutchinson. Two Vols. 42s. net.

THE authors of this biography have a taste for classical mottoes, and some readers may be inclined to remind them of Hesiod's condemnation of the people who do not know that a half is sometimes more than the whole. If they had borne in mind Sir John Cowans's own hatred of long-winded reports—he used to say that the essential facts could always be got on to a half-sheet of notepaper—they might have avoided the common mistake of amateur biographers, who think that because one brief portion of a man's career is full of interest they must therefore narrate all the rest on the same scale. However highly we may be inclined to value Cowans's work at the War Office during the Great War, we cannot pretend to think that his biography should be longer than that of Wolseley or Kitchener. There is very little that is of any general interest in the early part of his career, which the authors have unwisely padded out to fill nearly a whole volume with the aid of testimonials from his fellow soldiers, and long-winded but pointless and sometimes vulgar stories of his high spirits and his practical jokes. The only saving grace of this part of their work is the genuine enthusiasm which they obviously feel for their subject; but it is not combined with the literary skill which could alone have saved it from being portentously dull. A single chapter would have been quite sufficient preface to the only part of Cowans's career which is worth relating at length—the five years during which, as Quartermaster-General at the War Office, he was responsible for the feeding and equipment of our armies on a scale for which extant history offers no precedent since Herodotus.

The second volume, however, contains so much interesting material that it is all the more to be regretted that the prologue may discourage many orderly readers from reaching it. The gigantic task with which Cowans and his very able staff had to cope is still not adequately realized by many readers, or even by the historians who should inform them :

It is quite possible to read many volumes about the War and not find one single reference from which you could infer that soldiers had a belly to fill, a back to cover, feet to be shod, or a tired body that demanded some shelter in which to sleep. The task of the Quartermaster-General expanded, as his biographers point out, from feeding 120,000 men at home in normal times to feeding nearly five and a half millions in a time of scarcity over half the world. Cowans will always be remembered as "the man who fed the soldier," and those at least who themselves participated in his provision for any theatre of war, will never grudge him the praise that is here poured upon his achievements. Sir William Robertson, in a brief but masterly preface, pays a high tribute to Cowans's work, and justly calls him "one of the ablest Quartermaster-Generals that the British Army has ever had." General Altham, who saw him from another point of view, says that the list of those "who bore the heaviest burdens in the great struggle" should bear in a high place the name of Cowans as the officer who "bore the main burden of the supply and maintenance of the

greatest armies ever placed in the field . . . with uniform success and uniform completeness." His discretion might sometimes be questioned, his zeal and ability never. His almost unerring choice of subordinates and his readiness to give them a free hand, his coolness in unforeseen emergencies and his resourcefulness in action, were best known to those who saw him most closely, many of whom bear witness to these really great qualities in the pages of this unequal but in many respects valuable biography.

ELIZABETHAN WOMEN

Society Women of Shakespeare's Time. By Violet A. Wilson. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.

MANY are the attempts to revive past ages by means of grouped anecdotes and excerpts. The aim is to arrest desultory attention, to whip the indolent or jaded appetite of the general public. From the use and wont of such compilations Miss Wilson's work stands apart. She is the able craftswoman. In method and manner, tone and texture, she eludes fault-finding. These dear, dead women are allowed to depict themselves. You hear the news and the humours of the day fresh from the mint of Paul's and the Exchange. And what can be more ingenious and adequate than the way in which, made acquainted with a first lady, chosen it might seem at random, we pass without a break from family to family till we know, as it were, and are known by, everybody who is somebody? Here are the women of vigorous stock, medieval in prompt impulse and decisive will, and of the Renaissance in their breadth of culture. "Sexes as well as souls are equal in capacity," said the tutor of the boy-king Edward; and the phrase did not sleep in dull ears. Why should women lag behind lovers and husbands? "Why should their liberty be more?" they asked, or cared not to ask, wholly determined to be themselves. The precise and Puritanic might carp and cavil, like so many Basils and Chrysostoms. As Queen Elizabeth, resenting reference to the vanity of dress, was for fitting the bishop for heaven if he held more discourse on such matters, so her women subjects ill-brooked subjection, or even reproof. Woman remained woman. And, being woman, she ran out to either extreme, and filled up the whole interval with all her typical shades. She was, as you behold in these pages, docile, devoted, maternal; peremptory, litigious, the full virago; given to state-intrigue in town or the simple life of the country home. You have the dignified Lady Warwick; the tender and dolorous Elizabeth Vernon; the passionate, forgiving, ill-requited Frances Walsingham; Lady Kildare and the Countess of Northumberland beyond all control by their spouses; Sir Philip Sidney's 'Stella' vivacious and headlong towards the ruin of her brother Essex. In short, then as now, woman is woman. Not so good as aforetime? No, she never was.

With the new reign, new manners. You get a Lady Somerset and the scandal of poison and blackmail, though an Ann Clifford be of the old school and able to discourse of all things, "from predestination downwards to sleeve-silk." The Queen of the "wisest fool in Christendom" was all for frivolity and extravagance. Discipline and decorum were abandoned. Little did the ladies heed any stricture of king or social reformer. A "mankind generation" would have its own way; the monstrous regimen of women prevailed against all disdain or vented grievance. What insolence and impudence to refuse the call of pulpit and stage and pamphlet to obedience! The hussies still went on cropping their hair, aping men's attire, wearing daggers at hip, shopping, smoking, gambling, riding booted and breeched. Willy-nilly they would be masters; and the more learned and wise, the waywarder. Or, so many Rosalinds and Imogens, shall we say, in the retro-

spect? Miss Wilson insists that Shakespeare found his models in the Elizabethan women. But is it not rather that Shakespeare adored, idealized, shrank from all dissection and disillusion, save in the cases of a Cleopatra or a Cressida?

THOMAS BEWICK

Memoir of Thomas Bewick. Written by Himself, 1822-1828. With an Introduction by Selwyn Image. The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d. net.

B EWICK'S woodcuts, particularly those illustrating his 'History of British Birds,' are familiar to many. At one time editions of that book fetched a comparatively high price; to-day they have passed out of fashion and are considerably less valuable. All the more worthy of notice is this latest reprint of Bewick's 'Memoir,' which is embellished with the most delicate and charming head and tail pieces, engraved on wood by the author, in addition to a selection of woodcuts from his 'Birds' and 'Quadrupeds.' The memoir itself, written at the request and for the benefit of his children, is a delightful thing. The style is direct and clear; and the extreme simplicity of expression give it a far greater value and charm than the majority of such recollections.

Thomas Bewick, born in 1753, was the eldest child of a yeoman farmer of Cherryburn, on Tyneside, in Northumberland. His early years were spent at a day-school at Ovingham, and later at Mickley, and in working on his father's farm—a life which appears to have been congenial to him.

He had, throughout their lives, a tender regard for his parents and his home: when he was apprenticed to an engraver in Newcastle, one Ralph Beilby, he walked out to Cherryburn every week to spend a few hours in their company, sometimes starting his journey at seven in the evening, when his day's work ended, in the most bleak and bitter winter weather. It was during these long walks that he indulged those powers of observation and enjoyment which were in him a dominant characteristic. At the termination of his apprenticeship, Bewick set out to walk through Cumberland to Scotland:

Having made up my mind not to visit any town, or put up at any inn, I commenced my "wild goose chase," and bent my way, in many a zigzag direction, through the interior parts of the Highlands, by the side of its lakes and its mountains. The beauty and serenity of the former, and the grandeur or terrific aspect of the latter, I gazed upon with wonder, and with both was charmed to ecstasy.

He later visited London, but disliked it, and returned to his beloved Tyneside. Bewick set up for himself as an engraver in Newcastle, and his fine work soon brought him success. It was as an afterthought and a pastime that he began his woodcuts of birds and beasts. How these came to be done, his life as a craftsman, his ardent love of nature and wild life, his friendships, sorrows and joys—all with that reticence which is in itself a virtue—are set forth in this book. It is well done; and the character of the man, instinct with nobility and kindness, is made apparent. Few autobiographies merit the high praise which may justly be bestowed upon this memoir, and gratitude is due to Mr. Selwyn Image for his part in its reappearance.

INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES

The White Devil of the Black Sea. By L. S. Palen. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

A N officer of aristocratic birth in the Russian Army during the Great War, the White Devil was looking for trouble when in command of a detachment of Cossacks, after the Bolshevik revolution. He undertook to protect the town of Orenburg. Beginning with the return of the disorganized army—twelve million men—in 1917, the author takes us through a series of stirring adventures, hairbreadth escapes from death,

torture and remarkable feats of reckless daring, until after the final defeat of the Whites he leaves his country on a British boat bound for "the open sea and the open world."

Taken prisoner by the Bolsheviks, the White Devil was shot and left for dead, though by extraordinary luck he was not even wounded, and he and his wife escaped to Moscow disguised as peasants. Here he found employment as chauffeur at Bolshevik headquarters, work that enabled him to arrange for the assassination of the five chief Commissars: Lenin, Trotsky, Kalinin, Sverdlov and Kamenev. At the last moment a change of plans upset a scheme which, if successfully carried out, would certainly have altered the course of Russian history. With a price on his head he left Moscow hurriedly, stowed away under a railway carriage, and landed in the Crimea, where he fought for the Whites until the peninsula was evacuated. For some months he was interpreter to a British Military Court at Constantinople, and then returned to South Russia, where a fresh attempt was being made to drive back the Bolshevik advance. After the complete failure of White resistance he, his wife and little girl were among the many thousands of refugees who escaped from Red wrath by the help of the French and British Navies.

So incredible do some of the adventures appear that Mr. Palen, the translator, asked Capt. Bateman, R.A., whose first interview with the author of the book was "by way of looking down the barrel of his revolver," to vouch for the truth of the White Devil's existence. His true identity will be recognized by his friends; others who took part in the fighting between Whites and Reds will recognize the nickname given by the Bolsheviks to one of their keenest and most implacable enemies. The author is now earning his living as a carpenter in Paris.

POLITICAL SKETCHES

Those Europeans. By Sisley Huddleston. Putnam. 12s. 6d. net.

WHEN Bacon expressed a wish that his reputation might be judged by "foreign nations" more rationally than by his own countrymen, he had perhaps a premonition of the American journalist, who is far enough removed from "the smoke and stir of this dim spot" to take an unbiased view of our statesmen. Mr. Huddleston is one of the best known of those able correspondents who thus interpret European personalities to Transatlantic readers. He once helped to make history by publishing the famous interview with Mr. Lloyd George which led to the prompt protest of the immortal three hundred and a typical essay in repudiation. He has now published a score of "sketches of foreign faces"—though it is the mental rather than the physical countenance which chiefly interests him—and they are quite worth reading. Mr. Huddleston evidently knows the men of whom he writes, though perhaps he was not very far-sighted when he went out of his way to praise Mr. Ramsay MacDonald for scornfully refusing the proffered gift of a pension—this was apparently before the biscuit business—on the ground that he could always earn sufficient for his few wants. Mr. Huddleston thinks that M. Clemenceau is "perhaps the greatest man that Europe has produced in our generation." His most interesting pages are those which deal with less known figures, such as Professor Masaryk, the "grey-bearded, serious-minded University don," who is the George Washington of Czechoslovakia; General Sikorski, the chief of the Polish army; Dr. Dörten, the advocate of Rhine-land independence; or Mustapha Kemal, "the Napoleon of the New Turkey." The paper on Dr. Stresemann, "a Lloyd George without vision," is of timely interest just now.

NEW FICTION

By GERALD GOULD

Fish and Actors. By Graham Sutton. Brentano's.
7s. 6d. net.

Blind Man's Buff. By Louis Hémon. Translated
by A. Richmond. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

The House of Joy. By Jo van Ammers-Küller.
Translated by H. van Wyhe. Philpot.
7s. 6d. net.

THE stage has a glamour for everybody, except perhaps for the dramatic critics: and Ireland has always had a glamour for everybody, perhaps even for the Irish. M. Hémon writes about an Irishman; the author of 'The House of Joy' writes about the stage; but Mr. Graham Sutton has the best of it, for he writes about the stage in Ireland. Not about Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory and the Abbey Theatre, and places where they Synge, but about that strange, sordid, muddled, and yet not unromantic world of the "fit-up"—a world of sudden flights and desperate expedients, of pitiful poverty and ridiculously magnificent tradition. Mr. Sutton's introductory essay is almost more moving and entertaining even than his stories. "Your poor devil of a fit-up mummer," he writes, "is Bohemia personified":

He is adrift and desperately a-struggle in a profession without register and without qualifications. His present is damnable, his future uncertain. . . . Most likely he cannot even act: or if he can, has no advantage when he is out of work as against an incompetent rival. Acting ability is practically extinct in the Irish smalls; and the possession of it, if not a positive handicap (no manager wishing to be outshone) has at least no market value. Auditions are unknown, and work goes inevitably to him who quotes the lowest price. So that ability is something which the mummer may own and still be no better off, just as he may own a very good watch and be unable to tell the time from the pawn-ticket.

Yet acting is all his trade. . . . That sentence about the pawn-ticket is a good instance of Mr. Sutton's felicity. He applies it in his stories to the delineation of character, making a live person stand up suddenly before us in a few touches—as when he speaks of the leading lady, ex-wardrobe-mistress, "very thin with a huge bust, who would have been a teetotaller only she suffered from nerves," or of Old Man Macmanus, the owner of the show, whose maxim was: "Look after the pence, or the company will look after themselves." He succeeds in imparting the sense of companionship, humour, and courage—even of dignity—to the pitiful shifts and heartbreaking setbacks of his characters. Of course, he reminds us of the hand that drew Mr. Vincent Crummles: Mr. Crummles, who played the heavy children when he was eighteen months old—who could say with pride: "I am in the theatrical profession myself, my wife is in the theatrical profession, my children are in the theatrical profession. I had a dog that lived and died in it from a puppy, and my chaise-pony goes on, in 'Timour the Tartar.'" The comparison is unavoidable: but Mr. Sutton has his own vein, and works it admirably. And even Mr. Crummles was not Irish.

If one nation can never understand another (as some say), M. Hémon was rash indeed to call his hero Mike Brady, and put him to work in London. But the experiment cannot be considered wholly unsuccessful: if Mike himself does not quite convince us, there are many interesting moments in his career: his surroundings and his moods are real enough, though no complete picture of him emerges. He is a great drinker and a great fighter, and he feels lost and lonely among the English: all that sounds, and indeed in conception is, conventional. Yet his adoration of the rare and beautiful lady, for love of whom he joins an institute where "the Christian youth of Limehouse were combining gymnastics and religion, the horizontal bar and the Psalms," is an episode of truth and beauty. He is

converted. He confesses: "I have lived in darkness and in sin." He is disappointed that all he can do for his lady is to give up commonplace things like drinking: yet soon afterwards he finds himself in a familiar bar, and "Beer did not seem to be worthy of so solemn an occasion—he ordered whisky—and his heart sang praises to God." As for matters of language and behaviour, here is what seems to me at once an exquisitely truthful picture and a calmly subtle analysis:

. . . he . . . cultivated an attitude of generous modesty which went so far as to conceal from his comrades the fact that he was different from them. For six days of the week, until the evenings, his language and his manners were modelled upon theirs, outwardly worldly, but sanctified within by his inner knowledge of salvation achieved.

Excellent comedy, again, is Mike's second conversion. He is taken by one Boulter, who has been very active in the task of redeeming him, to a Salvation Army meeting, and his feelings are so wrought upon that again he rises to asseverate: "I have lived in darkness and sin"—to the annoyance of Boulter, who calls out: "He is already saved, I tell you; I saved him myself!"

The departure of the beautiful lady is the beginning of the end. Mike is lost: he does not know what he wants: he is haunted and driven by strange needs and strange despairs: he wanders, and broods, and drinks: and in the end his blind and thwarted passions blaze up into a ghastly violence. The final fight would be more impressive if only one could prevent oneself from suspecting that it is meant to be a racial symptom rather than a personal expression. The whole book, however, is more than a *tour de force*: it is an exceptionally able and original study.

The introduction to 'The House of Joy' tells us that its author "enjoys in Holland a position comparable in eminence, though due to somewhat different qualities, with that of Miss Clemence Dane or of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith." It is an odd eulogy: for are then the qualities of Miss Clemence Dane and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith identical? But, with only this one book to go upon, and that in a translation, one can still realize that the writer is a very considerable novelist. The very form of her story grips the attention, and serves to reveal more than is actually said. The teller is a teacher, a spinster, who encourages the young aristocratic girl, her pupil, to break with a stiff family tradition, and go on the stage. Jenny, the pupil, has genius. She begins by lavishing upon her schoolmistress one of those vehement adorations so common in school-girls; and the schoolmistress, while snubbing and repressing an ardour which she considers unwholesome, is, all the same, jealous and forlorn when the girl transfers her affection in the normal way to a man. The obscurity of the human heart is delicately half-illuminated here: for the schoolmistress herself has an intellectual passion for the stage, and that in turn is not unconnected with her suppressed love for the actor-manager, whose mistress Jenny becomes. The so-called House of Joy is a co-operative theatre in which everyone is to be the friend and equal helper of everyone else: actually, it breaks up in a storm of jealousies. But, though there is much discussion of the actor's and actress's life, and its alleged consequences, the book does not make the impression of propaganda or controversy. It is not, I think, suggested that the theatre is such-and-such—only that these individual persons are as they are. Familiar types are there—the conventional-minded lover, who does not like the idea that the woman who is to have the honour of becoming his wife should do anything so common as act in stage-plays: the impressive idealist, full of schemes for bringing beauty to the world, who leaves his plain little wife to struggle with an impoverished home and sickly children while he is discovering the ideal in someone else: and so forth. But not one of them is a mere type: their world is solid.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Book of Acrostics. By Ronald Knox. Methuen.
4s. net.

MR. KNOX sounds a trumpet-call to such of us as are leading "that bovine, almost vegetable existence for which acrostics have no meaning." After tracing the history of the acrostic from the earliest times to the day when the Acrostic Enigma burst upon the world about seventy years ago, our nimble-witted author presents us with a hundred of his own compositions, many of them vastly entertaining. But one could wish that they were not written, for the most part, in doggerel verse as irritating to a delicate ear as a hair-shirt to a sensitive skin. Take, for instance :

This orgy, turned round the wrong way,
Will move an obstruction away.

There is a great deal of this sort of thing, and one soon has enough. The early composers, though deficient in subtlety, at least made their acrostics pleasant to the ear, as thus :

The first fair mother of mankind am I—
Day's parting hour, at night's approach I fly.
(*'Acrostics in Prose and Verse,'* 1866.)

Mr. Knox's acrostics might have been more carefully revised. How is a solver to guess "Grub" as "the name of an imaginary street" when he knows that Grub Street (now Milton Street) was as real as Cheap-side? (See Stow's 'Survey.') Who would suppose that the "bird with plumage gay" is an ouzel or blackbird? That the creature seen to "yawn on Afric's strand" was the orang-outang, an animal confined to Borneo, Sumatra, and Malacca? Or that the island that "makes no room for snakes" is Malta, remembering that St. Paul was bitten there, and knowing (perhaps) that the vicious, though non-venomous, snake called *Zamenis viridisflavus* still occurs there? (Boulenger, 'The Snakes of Europe,' p. 175.) Neither would one readily identify the "bird whose raucous cries o'er marshes roll" with that frequenter of dry cornfields, the landrail or corncrake. It is the water-rail that one would hear in marshes. Acrostic-composers ought not to put a premium on ignorance.

The Wonder Book of Plant Life. By J. M. Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. Illustrated. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

A SCOFFER once altered Wordsworth's line to :

A primrose by the river's brim,
A Dicotyledon was to him,
And it was nothing more.

But Dicotyledons and the whole delicate and ingenious economy of plant life and growth are full of interest to those who take the trouble to understand them. Fabre, a great naturalist, here leaves his insects to reveal the mysteries of flowers, and his book is truly full of wonders and things the world has found it very important to know. He ranges from coral and trees thousands of years old to the granules of chlorophyll. He has to deal with the hard terms of science, but does so plainly and simply. The book has many practical illustrations and some of real beauty. It is odd to find *Lamium* twice referred to as the "Dumb Nettle." "Dead Nettle" is the ordinary name. English names might have been added to familiar plants like *Oxalis*.

Andersen. The Swineherd. Illustrations by Einar Nerman. Duckworth. 6s. net.

CHILDREN are so elaborately catered for in these days that the adult mind is wary of expecting much from a new version or newly-illustrated edition of the nursery classics. They cannot be improved upon in the new style, which is all for "daintiness" and

decorations light and airy, so that while the truly new children's books may make their bid for fame in the "idiom of their time" we are apt to be a little prejudiced against any tamperings with the standard works.

Mr. Nerman's illustrations do not add much zest to Andersen's tales; rather they rob it of much romance with their general air of tidiness. Mr. Nerman has taken a *cliché* for his draughtsmanship, and though it is in many cases apt, it more often, as is the way with *clichés*, reduces charm of manner to mannerism.

The Silver Bride and other Poems. By Phyllis Mégruz. Selwyn and Blount. 3s. 6d. net.

MRS. MÉGRUZ has a fine sense of words which, nevertheless, does not often allow her to become merely facile. There are many poems here which come near to the fulfilment of 'The Silver Bride,' notably 'Here Lies . . .' and 'The Marsh'; but the author sometimes falls into the error of writing on subjects too slight to produce narrative poems, yet treating of narrative ideas to which her gifts do not lend themselves most happily.

'Mary Mother' is one of these wherein the poetic spirit has little or no chance of soaring and, in consequence, drags somewhat drearily. Mrs. Mégruz should beware of these ideas, for she excels in giving form to purely poetic conceptions of her own; that is to say that without being highly original she is personal, and her style has a distinction which should make welcome any further volumes she cares to give us.

Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown. By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d. net.

THIS paper, which was read to the Cambridge Heretics during May last, is an excellent and concise analysis of present-day fiction. Mrs. Woolf understands uncommonly the age of literature in which we live; and her paper is, incidentally, a little moral lesson on how its evils should be dealt with. Mrs. Woolf points out the fact, so sadly evident to those who are constantly brought into touch with the present-day output of fiction, that the convention of the Victorian novelists does not fit or suit the ideas of the Georgians. How busily the new writers are at work contriving their own convention; and at what pains they are to keep the balance between emphasizing this function and remaining ostensibly unconscious of it.

The text of this paper is a certain dictum of Mr. Arnold Bennett's on the present-day novelists, which Mrs. Woolf examines, and the "Mrs. Brown" of the title is a character, any character, the Holy Grail of the fiction writer, between which two factors her paper swings in a steady rhythm of good sense and pointed comment.

Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association. Vol. X. Collected by E. K. Chambers. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.

THE Association justifies its existence by the excellent papers it publishes from time to time. The latest is well varied, including accounts of a lively bishop and Marlowe's use of geography as well as more philological discourses. Mr. Dover Wilson does a useful work in pointing out the limits of reasonable conjecture in Shakespeare's text, and taking 'Hamlet' as his example. Miss Holmes explains some of Milton's words, which the trend of English away from classical influences has rendered obscure. We should have quoted the thunder which in the 'Hyperion' of Keats :

Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house
to illustrate Milton's use of the adjective. Prof. Elton gets into the heart of eighteenth-century thought in his lecture on "reason" and "enthusiasm."

THE MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for January promises some new features in the form of short stories and an extension of the dialogues and conversations typified by the discussion between Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Henderson on his attitude during the War. It will be remembered that some of Meredith's novels first appeared in this magazine. Articles on foreign politics are contributed by Mr. Machray, who gives a luminous account of the state of things in China, and by an anonymous correspondent on 'Egypt for the Egyptians.' Mr. Hugh Spender thinks 'The Liberal Task' should be to revive a missionary zeal among young candidates for Parliament and the abandonment of vague electioneering platitudes. Miss May Bateman describes the fortunes of Solesmes, the Benedictine Abbey connected with the revival of liturgical music in the Roman Church, and the President of Magdalen gives a new translation and an account of the 'Per-vigilium Veneris'—one of the finest love poems of the ancient world and a gem of silver Latinity.

The *National Review* in its 'Episodes of the Month' reviews the fortunes of the Conservative Party during the past year, and finds that all things have been working together for its good with the exception of the abandonment of a General Tariff. Pleasing America is not one of its foibles; the late Government and its "masters" are faithfully dealt with, and M. Clemenceau is contrasted with some ex-Ministers of our own. This issue has an unusual number of striking papers. The Vice-Provost of Eton writes on 'Ben Jonson's Celia' and suggests that the first two lines are too good for Jonson, while the rest are taken from the Greek; Col. Fuller describes the psychology of "the Americans" as a function of the size and wealth of their country; Mr. J. H. Blaksley laments the extinction of 'The Tory Tradition,' and longs for its revival: it is, of course, the only logical alternative to Socialism; Mr. Harold Russell tells of the 'Wild-fowl on the Serpentine'—some of them unexpected visitors; and other papers deal with 'A Day's Sport with Ranjit Sinhji,' 'Lawn Tennis in 1924,' and the 'Recollections of a Prisoner of War.' Political articles deal with the Red Danger, Unemployment and the American Debt, and Egypt.

The *Empire Review* contains a description of 'The New Rotor Ship' by its inventor, Anton Flettner; he does not expect it to displace the high-power marine engine, but thinks it will economize power. Mr. Carlton Grey writes on 'The Sittings of Parliament' with a view to the alteration of the dates on which it meets. Mr. F. H. Brown describes the changing relations of the Indian Native States to the British Government; Col. Repington writes on Egyptian affairs; Lord Birkenhead continues his account of famous English Judges by a biography of Sir John Holt; there are two stories and some excellent notes on Science, Medicine, and Empire Trade.

The *English Review* deals with our Eastern troubles under the suggestive heading 'India and Egypt—Govern or Go'; and in the way it has adopted touches on a number of important subjects in short papers of about four pages each. Among these are the publicity given to offenders' names, America and Inter-Allied Debts, Socialism and Unemployment, and 'The Ethics of War'—the last a paper which shows how little the civilian population can count on security in the future. Mr. Percy Thomas gives a charming paper with unacknowledged examples of 'Magical Poetry'; Col. Thackeray describes the 'Constantinople' of the past; and Squadron-Leader Belfield 'The Overland Mail to Baghdad.'

Chambers's Journal opens the New Year with a poem by Thomas Hardy and a reprint of his first production, contributed to it sixty years ago. The first chapters of a new story by John Buchan in addition to its usual varied fare, should attract many new readers.

Blackwood this month is notable for the completion of 25 years' almost uninterrupted 'Musings without Method'—a record on which the writer is to be heartily congratulated. They have throughout been marked by scholarship, fine Toryism, and scorn of pretence in any form. The fiction in this number contains an amusing episode by Mr. Jan Gordon, 'The Obligate on a Cat's Tail,' an eerie story by Mr. Edmund Vale, a paper by Mr. Stephen Gwynn 'In Brillat-Savarin's Country,' written with much gusto, and some Eastern sketches—all first-rate.

Cornhill gives up a number of interesting passages 'From the Diaries of Sir Algernon West,' selected by Mr. Horace Hutchinson; the third part of Dean Hutton's 'Fifty Years of Shakespeare on the Stage,' dealing with the tragic acting of the last half-century; an account of 'The Growth of a Military Spirit in China,' by Gen. Bruce; a good article on 'Night Shooting'; and a paper on 'John Wesley's Last University Sermon,' by Dr. Bernard Henderson, which reprints a contemporary account of it and the impression it made.

The *Adelphi* opens with Mr. Middleton Murry on 'Poetry, Philosophy, and Religion,' and later on he answers to some extent a question by Mr. J. D. Beresford as to what he means by "consciousness." Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who has been in Arizona, begins a description of the well-known 'Hopi Snake Dance': he has not got to the snakes in this number and the story of how to get there has been much better done. Mr. Aldis writes strikingly in 'The Divorce between Theory and Practice' of the difficulty of getting manufacturers to take any notice of the help mathematicians could give them, and gives examples. There is also a short poem by Herman Melville, and a number of incidental notes of interest.

BOOK SALES

THE collectors of the works of some of the nineteenth-century novelists had, during the week beginning December 15, many opportunities for gratifying their passion for the first editions of prominent writers of that period, notably Ainsworth, Dickens, Thackeray, and Surtees. The aggregate number of lots which came under the hammer during the week was nearly two thousand, and among them, in addition to the works of the authors mentioned, a number of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century books and a few Oriental and European manuscripts appeared. The series of the works of Dickens and of Thackeray were particularly comprehensive, and the prices on the whole very good. A very fine set, in the original green paper-covered parts, of the 'Pickwick Papers,' each part being the first issue of the text and each having almost every "point" which the most exacting enthusiast could expect, sold for £700.

Among the novels of Surtees were sold: 'Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour,' first edition in original parts, not all of which were quite perfect, 1853, £34; 'Handley Cross,' earliest issue in parts of first illustrated edition, 1853-54, £156, a high price; 'Ask Mamma,' first edition in original parts, 1858, £33; 'Plain or Ringlets,' first edition in original parts, 1860, £33. There was a long series of Thackeray's works, among which may be noted 'Vanity Fair,' first edition, 1847-48, in original parts, wanting one of them, and with a few other imperfections, £32; 'Pendennis,' first edition in original parts, 1849-50, with some imperfections, £33; 'The Virginians,' first edition, 1858-59, with one or two minor imperfections, £11.

A long series, consisting of fifty-seven lots of the works of Joseph Conrad, mostly first editions, and many containing inscriptions by the author, realized in aggregate £819 5s. A copy of 'The Book of the Ranks and Dignities of British Society,' by Charles Lamb, "Printed for Tabart & Co., etc. (1805)," containing twenty-four coloured and one plain plate, sold for £68. This copy appears to be the first which has ever been sold at auction. There was another edition in 1809. A number of first editions of various works of Shelley, mostly in morocco or calf bindings, reached good prices.

CAUTION TO MOTORISTS

Instances of "SHELL" CANS being refilled with other spirits and sold to the public as "SHELL" are repeatedly brought to our notice. We therefore issue this caution to motorists, to see that the seal is unbroken, otherwise we can take no responsibility for the contents of the can.

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ADVERSARIA

MANY years ago a number of volumes of the Newgate Calendar fell into my hands and very much comforted me by the reflection that bad as our own times might be, there had been a steady rise in the level of popular morals during the last two centuries. One learns a great deal about the way people live by the bare records of the crimes they commit and the way in which they are brought to trial. Of course those crimes which have their origin in the elemental passions, hatred, jealousy, greed, etc., will always be with us to some extent—the writers of all the Utopias have foreseen this—but it is the character of the petty crimes that is more interesting to the student of manners. The cold-blooded cruelty to children, apprentices, and servants of the eighteenth century, for instance, would be impossible now and was fairly common then.

* * *

I am moved to this subject because I have been reading some records of trials in the local courts of the City of London at the end of the thirteenth century, six hundred years ago, which have been preserved by chance and have now been edited by Mr. A. H. Thomas, as the 'Calendar of Early Mayor's Court Rolls, 1298-1307' (Cambridge University Press, 15s. net). Many of the cases are connected with the food supply of the city, and were directed to the suppression of what we should call "legitimate trading," but which our forefathers called "forestalling and regrating," that is, buying up food to sell again at a profit and so raising prices. Prison, fines, and perpetual exclusion from trade were the usual punishments. There are some interesting cases in which various trades attempted to raise the price of their work, and were promptly brought to book by the City authorities, and even when the agreements were harmless. Thus the smiths when they agreed not to work at night because of the stench of sea-coal and to put by a farthing a week each for the benefit of poor tradesmen were put on trial. There are a few cases of housebreaking, and a good many for assaults and wounding, for everybody seems to have carried arms then.

* * *

The way a jury was chosen then is the chief difference. People were chosen who knew the parties and if possible knew what had happened. If it was a question of assault those who were present were preferred: if a trade case, members of the trade made up the jury. Relatives of the parties were however excluded. When there were no witnesses, the oath of the defendant settled the case, if he were backed up by the oath of a fixed number of neighbours, three, seven, or twelve, as the case might be, that they believed him. But the oaths had to be formal and exact to the smallest point or otherwise the defendant was found guilty. The book is full of such matters, well-edited, and very well printed. It is a substantial addition to our knowledge of medieval institutions.

* * *

I have before me the first number of a new monthly journal of the arts, 'Apollo,' edited by Mr. R. S. Glover, which seems to claim a wide field as its own, since it includes music, painting, architecture, decorative art, and even to some extent literature in its purview. Thus Mr. Joseph Holbrooke writes on 'A Composer's Ideals' and Miss D. D. Short on 'Music, Art, and Life.' There is a good paper—the first of a series on 'English Tapestries,' by Mr. W. G. Thom-

son, and one on 'Dry-Point and the Etcher,' by Mr. M. C. Salaman, while the number opens with an account of the Van Eyck altarpiece at Ghent, by M. Paul Lambotte, Director of Fine Arts for Belgium. A periodical of this nature must, however, stand or fall by its illustrations, and those in this number are excellent, whether in colour or in black and white. For our own part we should be inclined to think it a pity to have reproduced 'The Adoration of the Lamb' in colour on so small a scale, or even to have attempted an almost impossible task at all. The reproductions in black and white are very good and the printing could not be bettered. The story of the concealment of the Ghent masterpiece is told for the first time.

* * *

Only those who are in the habit of using the British Museum Library know how deep a debt of gratitude it owes to the late Keeper of Printed Books, Mr. Alfred W. Pollard, who has recently retired after a life-time spent in the public service. There is a tradition of helpfulness in the British Museum which is not approached in any other National Library with which I am acquainted, though in all the great British libraries it is closely followed, and I have heard great things, usually from Americans themselves, of the help given to readers in the United States. Abroad one meets with the most fantastic difficulties. At one University Library which I know of the reader is allowed to ask for three books only which will be handed out after a delay of two days, provided they are not out on loan to anyone, when another two-days' wait is necessary to make up the quota. Some readers grumble that the Museum never lends out its books and manuscripts; if they only knew the comfort of being assured that the book you want will be found when you want it, their complaints would cease. Mr. Pollard's interests have mainly lain in completing the Museum collection of early-printed books, and it is due to him that it is the finest in the world.

* * *

It is now fifteen or twenty years ago that the SATURDAY REVIEW began the movement towards the recognition of Anthony Trollope's real importance as an English novelist. The recent republication of his 'Autobiography,' which when it first came out helped to lower his reputation, has only helped to revive interest in him and his work, and only the other day Mr. Michael Sadleir, at a meeting of the Bibliographical Society, printed in 'The Library,' gave an account of what I may be allowed to call the economic side of nineteenth-century authorship in a paper entitled 'Anthony Trollope and His Publishers.'

* * *

I am glad that my Notes on Gramophone Records are appreciated. Recently we have had some very fine ones issued, among which is Sir Landon Ronald's performance of the 'Unfinished Symphony,' which I take leave to think is the best orchestral record that has yet been given to the public. A great disappointment to me is Cortot's playing in the Schumann Concerto, he should never have been asked to play romantic music of this sort. He has all the qualities of one of the most hard-headed nations of the world, qualities which disqualify him for the position of confidant in a passionate dialogue between piano and orchestra. The 'Jupiter' Symphony of Mozart makes the third of his now recorded, and we have also two of Brahms, while Mr. Primrose's playing of the Bach Sonata in A is first rate.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

BEFORE these notes appear the last day for tendering for 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan under the new scheme will have passed. The City is not in ecstasies over it, neither is it hostile; but presumably the response will be adequate. I would like to take this opportunity of again drawing attention to the claims of the small investor. While War Savings Certificates are a great boon to the small man they do not quite fulfil his needs: first, because they do not pay interest, and, secondly, because they are a little complicated to purchase. I think that what the very small investor wants is something he can buy across the counter of a post office, with coupons attached for dividends every six months. When last I wrote on this subject, I suggested a 5% Bond; I amend this, and now suggest that each bond of £1 should carry two half-yearly coupons of fivepence each, bonds to be bearer in denominations of £1, £5, £20, £25, £50 and £100, dividends to be paid without deduction of tax. The bonds should be saleable at any post office across the counter, the purchase and sale prices to be dependent on the proximity of the next dividend date. If the dividend dates were fixed for January 1 and July 1, the bonds could be cashed as follows:

Up to February 28 in any year	at 20/-			
" March 31	... at 20/1	All Cum.		
" April 30	... at 20/2	July Coupon.		
" May 31	... at 20/3			
" June 30	... at 20/4			
Up to August 30 in any year	at 20/-			
" Sept. 30	... at 20/1	All Cum.		
" Oct. 31	... at 20/2	January Coupon.		
" Nov. 30	... at 20/3			
" Dec. 31	... at 20/4			

I am confident that the result of such a scheme as this would bring in vast sums. I base my assumption on the fact that a very large number of people cannot wait for the capital appreciation shown by War Savings Certificates, and require interest annually; a further and even greater number are suspicious of filling up forms, and would welcome the chance of investing across the counter. Any man who wishes to put a pound or two on a horse can do so with the greatest of ease. Outside share pushers invite subscriptions for doubtful schemes where the only trouble to the investor is sending his money; surely, then, it should be made equally easy for the small man to invest in the Government funds of his country? The cost of running this scheme through post offices should be negligible, and the old objection that people in this country would lose bearer bonds should have disappeared now that we are all used to paper money. The registered stock or share is almost unknown on the Continent where bearer bonds are held by all. Why should we not follow this example?

AUSTRIAN 6%

The last portion of the Austrian 6% guaranteed Loan is to be issued next week in Prague. This Czechoslovakian portion is being issued at 79½ per cent. This Tranche of the Loan, which shares the guarantee of all the powers enjoyed by the Austrian 6%, 1923, also carries interest at the rate of 6%. Unfortunately, the interest is payable, and the principal repayable, in Czechoslovakian kronen, which will probably be a bar to its being taken up here, as was the case with the Austrian Tranche, which was issued in dollars. In view of the depreciation of the sterling value of the dollar, this Austrian Tranche, which carries interest at 7%, looks attractive at the present price of 93.

NITRATES

Nitrate shares have been a dull market, owing to the prominence given to the competition of synthetic products. It is, however, well known that a vast

amount of artificial fertilizers is being produced. The present agitation appears to aim at a reduction in the Chilean Nitrate export duty, which would reduce the selling price of the genuine commodity. I am informed that these artificial fertilizers are only temporarily successful, and while supplementing the use of the Chilean products by no means supplant them. Meanwhile, I do not advise holders of Nitrate shares to take alarm, but rather to look on the present setback in prices as a good opportunity to buy. This particularly applies to Lautaro Nitrates, which can be picked up at 8½. I expect a rally in Nitrate shares in the near future, and still strongly recommend these Lautaro shares.

TIN SHARES

Readers of these notes will not have been surprised at the boom in Tin shares, which is progressing; I have endeavoured to impress them with its imminence on several occasions during the last three months. The four Tin shares recommended on August 23 have fared as follows:

	THEN.	NOW.	RISE.
Tronoh Mines	2½	3½	18/9
Siamese Tin	3½	4½	36/-
Bischi Tin	9/6	12/6	3/-
South Crofty	9/-	10/6	1/6

Of these shares at the present price, I cannot help feeling that South Crofty are undervalued. This Cornish mine is in a very strong position. Quarterly interim dividends of threepence per share are regularly paid, and at least an extra threepence can be looked for when the final dividend is declared in March, thus making 1s. 3d. for the year, or a yield of about 12%. I see no reason why this amount should not be increased in 1925. The company is run on sound and conservative lines, and enjoys the services of a technical staff of outstanding merit. I recommend these shares.



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TWO OLD FRIENDS

I should like to draw attention to my notes on Swedish Matches on August 30, when I recommended a purchase at 8*½*. The shares are now 11*½*. I see no reason why they should be sold, but those who cannot resist a profit of £2 10s. a share could re-invest in, let me suggest, Lautaro Nitrates or Shells. When, on November 22, I suggested San Francisco Mines were "one of the best Mining investments available at the moment." I anticipated the rise from the then price of 24s. to the present level of 29s. 3d. Those taking a profit would be well advised to reinvest in Union Corporation at 46s. I expect a rise in Shells.

GREEKS

The Athens portion of the Greek Loan, which was a sterling issue exactly similar to the London portion, has been changing hands over here at 3 premium. As the London portion is nearly 6 premium, this constitutes a very good switch for the investor who is holding the recent Greek Loan as a permanent investment. The Athens portion was issued at 86 unstamped, or at 88 with the English stamp, and the London issue, which, of course, carries the English stamp, was issued at 88. The following extracts are taken from an English translation of the Greek prospectus:

Negotiability of Scrip: The Bonds of the Loan will be immediately quoted on the Stock Exchange in Athens and after one year on the London Stock Exchange.

Freedom from all Taxation: The Bonds and Coupons of the Loan are exempted from all general and special taxes, duties and charges now existing in Greece or to be imposed in future.

Service of the Loan: The Bonds drawn and the Coupons falling due are payable in pounds on the following Banks:

In Greece, on the National Bank of Greece and its branches, and in London, on Hambro's Bank, Ltd.

The sale of the London portion of the Loan and reinvestment in the Athens portion, showing as it does a profit of nearly 3%, appears a sound operation for the permanent investor who does not mind the possible lack of marketability for the next twelve months.

1924

Last week, in reviewing price movements in 1924, lack of space forced me to omit mention of Mining shares. I do so now:

	Dec. 28, 1923.	Dec. 30, 1924.
Central Mining ...	9 <i>½</i>	12 <i>½</i>
Union Corporation ...	30/-	45/3
San Francisco Mines ...	23 <i>½</i>	28/-
Geduld ...	3 <i>½</i>	3 7-32
Rand Mines ...	2 27-32	2 <i>½</i>
Crown Mines ...	2 29-32	2 27-32
Cam and Motor ...	2 <i>½</i>	2 21-32
Chartered ...	12/10 <i>½</i>	16/9
De Beers ...	11 <i>½</i>	12 <i>½</i>
Rio Tinto ...	30 <i>½</i>	42
Bisichi Tin ...	7/-	12/-
South Crofty ...	8/3	9/9
Siamese ...	2 <i>½</i>	4 <i>½</i>

Gold Mining shares, it will be seen, show little change. In this connexion it is interesting to note that the dollar stood at 4.34*½* at the end of last year, against 4.77 this week. The reduction in the gold premium, while stopping a rise, has not led to any appreciable fall in the better-class producing Kaffirs. The improvement in general conditions has favoured the holding companies, while the rise in Base Metals has led to much higher prices for the shares of companies dealing with these commodities. How Base Metals have improved is shown herewith:

	Dec. 28, 1923.	Dec. 30, 1924.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Copper ...	61 11 3	66 13 9
Tin ...	235 12 6	268 17 6
Lead ...	30 10 0	43 12 6
Spelter ...	33 17 6	38 12 6

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MOTORING

TRADE IMPROVEMENT

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

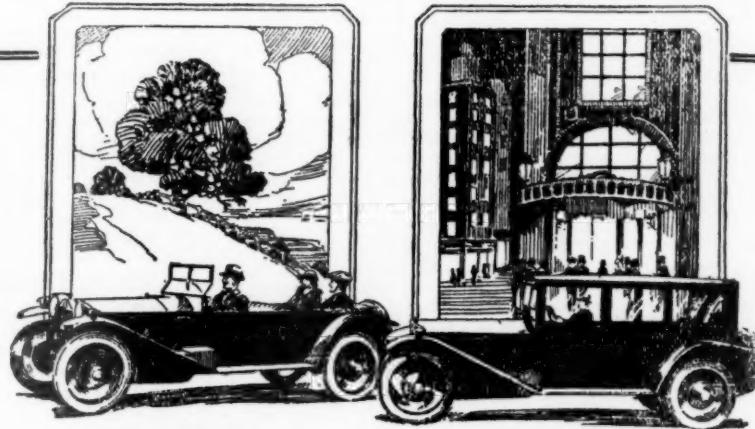
A CYNIC once remarked that the same figures can be made to support an argument equally convincingly on either side of a debate. Therefore, in giving a few statistics of the motoring industry during the past year, the conclusions to be drawn from them will be left to individual opinions. During the first seven months of 1924 the average value per month of the imports of motor-cars, chassis, and commercial cars was £550,000. Yet in August, the first month in which the McKenna duties on passenger cars ceased to be paid, the imports rose to the value of £961,297. This may have been due to optimism on the part of the importers of foreign-made motor vehicles, or it may have been a commercial application of "striking while the iron is hot"—lest a change of government re-create the import duty. But the figures remain constant, whatever view may be advanced as to the cause. In September, however, the imports declined to £833,456, in October to £677,067, and in November to £572,644. Whether the decline was due to the season of the year, or the larger popularity of the British car, or to both causes, is a matter of opinion. The total value of motor vehicles and parts imported for the past twelve months is about £8,000,000, as compared with the import values for 1923 of £6,719,765. This amounts to an increase of nearly twenty per cent. British motor manufacturers were by no means idle during the year; although the official returns for December are not available, these makers exported motor-cars and parts to the value of £5,801,458 during the eleven months; the year's export value therefore may be estimated as likely to approach £6,250,000, showing an increase of sixty per cent.

over the motor exports of 1923, which were valued at £3,995,552. Thus, while the motor imports exceeded the exports by £1,750,000, the increase in the British trade was sixty per cent. to twenty per cent. greater than that of the importers.

According to the statistics issued by the Ministry of Transport, there are 474,000 private cars, 203,000 commercial motor vehicles, and 94,000 public service hackney carriages licensed to use our roads. This total of 771,000 motor vehicles is an increase of 128,000 cars, goods and hackney motor vehicles on the figures issued by the Ministry for 1923, when the total number of these types of motors stood at 643,000. During the twelve months British motor firms exported 12,504 cars, chassis and commercial vehicles, as compared with 6,239 motors in 1923. Some 27,000 cars, chassis, and commercial vehicles were imported into the United Kingdom in 1924. Adding the exports to the increase of licensed motor vehicles, and subtracting the number of cars imported from that total, we see that 113,500 cars, chassis, and commercial vehicles were made and sold by British motor manufacturers during the year 1924. This was by no means the total production of our factories for the twelve months; allowance must be made for the motor vehicles that were discarded as useless for service and replaced by new vehicles, which do not appear, except in the total figures, and can only be guessed at. As there is a rebate of twenty-five per cent. on engines built before January 1, 1913, it is possible to calculate how many of these vehicles passed out of service, for rebate was made on approximately 10,250 motors with pre-1913 engines in 1923, while only 8,940 of these were licensed in 1924. To these 1,310 replaced motors must be added those built after 1912, which have been also discarded from service. There is no data available to give an exact figure of such replacements; except in a few cases, the British motor manufacturer will not publish the number of vehicles produced and sold from his factory.



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1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page from time to time.
 2. *The coupon for the week must be enclosed.*
 3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
- Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 149.

HISTORIAN AND HUMORIST OF NOTE
FROM NORTH OF TWEED.—A NOVEL THAT HE WROTE.

1. Easy with this the temperature to gauge.
2. Behead and eke curtail a Grecian sage.
3. On rats and mice and such small deer I battan.
4. If this your food is, you won't quickly fatten.
5. Worm, gentle, fly, his gentle art requires.
6. A light it furnished to our worthy sires.
7. Success such efforts very rarely meets.
8. What tricks I played of yore in London streets!
9. Such his response—not understood by all.
10. Peruvians trained me to obey their call.
11. There you will find the very word you need.
12. Can souls like these on heavenly manna feed?
13. Strange fish, with Jove's own lightning-force supplied!
14. What man in this would willingly abide?

Solution to Acrostic No. 147.

T	apioc	A ¹
O	Hio ²	
C	leopatr	A ³
O	xli	P ⁴
M	ob-ca	P
P	opp	Y
E	xaminatioN	
T	ituous	E
W	ndo	W
T	urke	Y
O	sculat	E
R	atafi	A
S	peake	R

1 Tapioca is prepared from the highly
poisonous cassava plant.
2 Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Bk. I. 11.
3 Antony and Cleopatra, V. 2.
4 As cowslip unto oxlip is,
So seems she to the boy.
TENNYSON, The Talking Oak.

ACROSTIC No. 147.—The winner is Mrs. Boothroyd, Aland House, The Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who has selected as her prize 'The Crowded Street,' by Winifred Holtby, published at The Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on December 27. Nine other competitors named this book, 25 wanted 'Walt Whitman: A Study and a Selection,' 16 'A Year of Prophesying,' 12 'Canada's Great Highway,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Mrs. J. Butler, G. M. Fowler, L. Cresswell, Dolmar, C. E. C., E. G. Horner, Doric, L. Jenkins, Boskerris, Kirkton, Twyford, Hon. R. G. Talbot, L. M. Maxwell, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, A. W. Cooke, Springhill, M. Story, Sisyphus, Carlton, Miss Kelly, Sansovino, Met, Brum, C. J. Warden, A. M. W. Maxwell, Martha, Hetrans, Plumbago, Ceyx, A. de V. Blathwayt, Gay, Baitho, Shorwell, D. L., Iago, Old Mancunian, Ruby Macpherson, E. Darlington, S. H. Groves, F. H. Cumberlege, St. Ives, M. Haydon, and Varach. All others more.

Lights 3 and 8 proved the most difficult. For the former, solvers gave Creusa, Cassandra, Clarissa, Clytemnestra, and Cresida; for the latter, Throstle, Tupaaiidae (Tree-mole), Tortoise, Termite, Tadpole, Tiger-beetle, and Turnstone.

ACROSTIC No. 146.—The winner is Mr. Percy Short, Beverley Lodge, Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey, who has chosen as his prize 'A Last Scrap-Book,' by George Saintsbury, published by Macmillan and reviewed in our columns on December 20. Twenty-five other competitors chose this book, 18 wanted 'The Life of George Borrow,' 11 'Hunting Lays and Hunting Ways,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Dodeka, East Sheen, Maud Crowther, Arthur Mills, C. E. C., Martha, Met, J. E. Goudge, J. Chambers, and Boskerris.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Sisyphus, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, St. Ives, Doric, Gabriel, R. H. Boothroyd, L. M. Maxwell, Roid, Carlton, Dolmar, Gunton, Baitho, H. de R. Morgan, Gay, Mrs. J. Butler, Oakapple, Tyro, D. L., N. O. Sellam, Shorwell, Walworth, R. Eccles, A. de V. Blathwayt, Trike, L. M. C., Ruby Macpherson, C. A. S., N. Barron, G. W. Miller, F. M. Petty, J. Sutton, G. G. Horner, L. Cresswell, Kirkton, J. E. Stevens. All others more.

OUR TENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Seventh Round the leaders are: Boskerris; Baitho, Carlton, Martha, St. Ives, Shorwell, Vixen; Ceyx, Gay, J. Chambers, Old Mancunian, C. J. Warden.

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